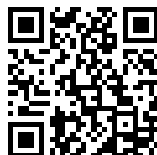


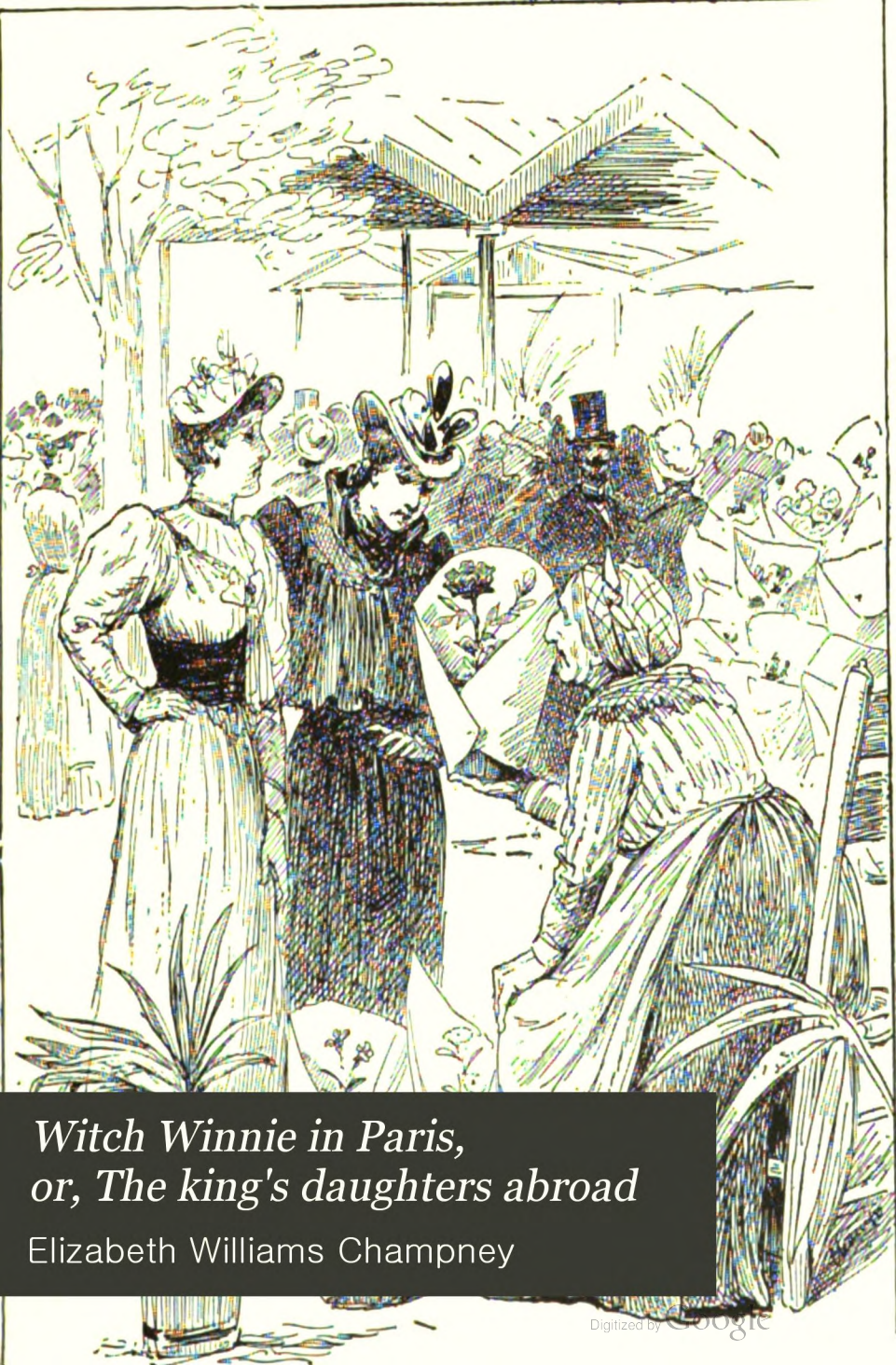
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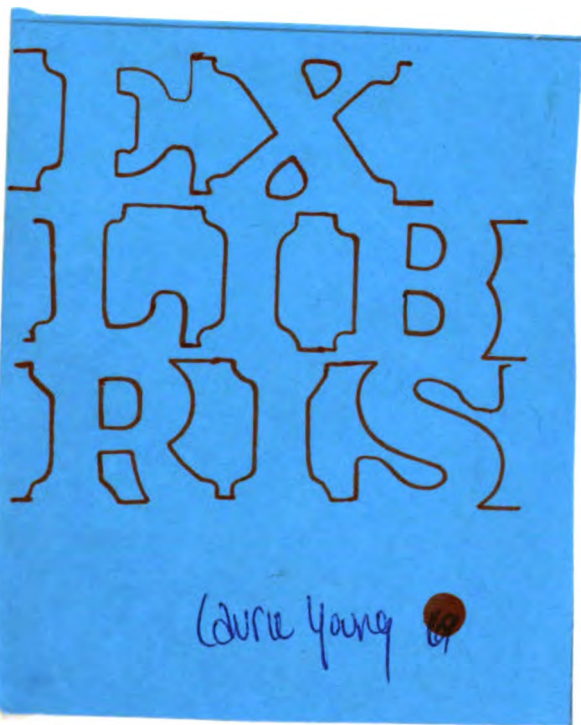
*Witch Winnie in Paris,  
or, The king's daughters abroad*

Elizabeth Williams Champney

**WILLIAM B. CAIRNS COLLECTION  
OF  
AMERICAN WOMEN WRITERS  
1650-1920**



**WILLIAM B. CAIRNS  
PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH  
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON**





# WITCH WINNIE IN PARIS

OR

## THE KING'S DAUGHTERS ABROAD

BY

ELIZABETH W. CHAMPNEY

AUTHOR OF "WITCH WINNIE," "WITCH WINNIE'S MYSTERY,"  
"VASSAR GIRLS ABROAD," ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY

J. WELLS CHAMPNEY

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1893 PREFACE.

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As she thinks allowable in fictitious work, the author has taken certain liberties with the names of living French artists. It is not to be understood that Monsieur Laurens, or Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur, or the other painters mentioned spoke the very words attributed to them or performed the acts described. But they are typical words and deeds. The sentiments expressed are those which she believes the painters would endorse. The kindly acts have been repeated a hundred times by generous painters of renown to American students who came to them as strangers. The unfailing kindness shown by French artists to foreign students has been testified to by former students of the Académie des Beaux Arts and by every American painter who has received his education in France. It is a debt which we can only repay by holding out a helping hand to the coming generation of students and to needy Frenchmen in this country, thus forming one great chain whose individual links are welded together with love.





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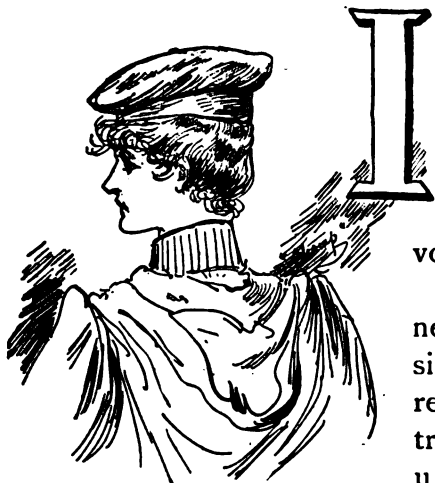




# WITCH WINNIE IN PARIS.

## CHAPTER I.

### HALF SEAS OVER.



I WAS too wretched to open my eyes and look about me until half our voyage was over.

Winnie was never once seasick. She was a real stormy petrel. The more unruly the weather, the more she enjoyed it. She would pop into our state-room, where Milly and I were moaning in sympathy, and would exclaim cheerily: "Oh, come up on deck, girls, it's lovely rough!"

She was on the bridge with the captain when the iceberg was sighted. Indeed, she had been on the lookout for it ever since in the early dawn the sailor who lowered the thermometer announced a fall of twenty degrees in the temperature of the water. There was no tempting her to the breakfast table after that, though it was the only meal she missed during the voyage. She filled her ulster pockets with hard tack, tied on her fore-and-after snugly, and kept the field glass to her eyes until her arms ached, and was woe-fully disappointed because the lookout in the crow nest spied the iceberg first.

Winnie was soon *au fait* with all the technical terms and nautical slang. She knew everybody and went everywhere—down in the furnace-room, where the furious heat was sapping the lives of the stokers; on the steerage deck, chatting with the Italians who were going home for the summer. She played shuffleboard with the young English nobleman, and outplayed him handsomely. She made a friend forever of little “Fudge,” the deck cleaner, by getting the captain to commute his sentence when he had been sent aloft for impudence to the cook. She played chess with old Colonel Cochrane on her little

travelling chess-board, in which the men were pegs that kept their places by being stuck in holes. She read aloud indefatigably to convalescents, and "toted" rugs and camp chairs into sheltered corners for the rest of us, lashed us in our places, and insisted on our sipping ginger ale or lemonade and trying to eat. Her own appetite was outrageous. She would come up from the dinner-table and relate with gusto the incredible list of good things which she had eaten—soups of the richest kind—green turtle or mock turtle—the mere mention of which made us turn pale; Westphalian ham; ragouts; roast venison, or other game just a little "high"; lobster salad, or croquettes; roast goose stuffed with onions; curried chicken; patés; timbales; caviare; anchovies; olives; plum pudding; mince pie; Roquefort or Limburger cheese; ice cream of every description; nuts; sweets; raisins; coffee. With what unctuous satisfaction Winnie would dwell on the, to us, nauseating list, and how surprised and hurt she would look when we refused the goodies with which her pockets were stuffed.

"You little glutton," Adelaide would groan, "if you can gormandize in this way don't make yourself loathsome by boasting of it to us."



But we could not be angry long with Winnie. "Bless the child," said Mr. Roseveldt, who was very miserable; "our party has paid this steamship company six full fares, and she has a perfect right to eat for six."

Winnie nearly always had a tribe of children tagging after her. She told them such amusing stories, played "hide and seek," and "Stage coach," and "It." The day of the hurricane when the sea was churned into fine froth, and she was enjoying the glorious sight with all her soul, the captain, fearing that she would be washed overboard, ordered her below. Winnie was provoked for the moment. There was mutiny in the toss of her head; but it subsided instantly at sight of the forlorn children in the ladies' cabin. She did not curl up luxuriously with a novel, or devote herself to her log, or her neglected correspondence. She gathered the children about her and set them to playing "Proverbs," to the great relief of the other passengers.

This was what we loved Winnie for. We admired her dash, her style; we envied her her good spirits and popularity; we were proud of her genius, but we loved her for her spontaneous unselfishness. When Adelaide did a generous thing, as she not unfrequently

did, it was with the gracious manner of a Lady Bountiful. You felt your own inferiority and obligation, though this was the last thing which Adelaide would have wished. When Milly did a kindness it was with an apologetic air, showing plainly that she was afraid of hurting your feelings. When I tried my hand at unselfishness it was in an awkward, bungling way. I grudged giving time more than anything else, and when I gave it I prided myself overweeningly on my self sacrifice. But with Winnie, making others happy was her own happiness, the most natural thing in the world. She had achieved that high ideal of altruism, and it was as spontaneous for her to do kindnesses as for anyone to put out his hand to save himself from falling.

And yet Winnie was far from perfect—a born tease, a tricky, selfish thing, playing pranks on others continually, and as frequently, by her own impulsive lack of thought, getting herself into unfortunate complications, from which, however, to quote her own words, she always “bobbed up serenely.”

This was Winnie. Those who have read “Winnie’s Studio” know her and know us all; but, for those to whom this little book is an

introduction to our coterie, a short explanation is due.

We were going to Europe to study Art—we four :

Adelaide,  
Milly,  
Winnie,  
and I, Tib.

We were not alone, but were travelling under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Roseveldt, Millie's father and mother. It had been originally planned that my mother should accompany us and make a little home for us in Paris, but it had proved impossible to carry out this excellent plan. If this could have been it would have saved us much annoyance and many unhappy experiences. A mother is never more necessary to her daughters than when they stand on the threshold between girlhood and womanhood, and happen to be away from their native land in a strange country. When Grandmother Smith fell ill and mother felt it her duty to devote herself to her husband's mother, we at first gave up our plan for travel and foreign study. I think now that it would have been better had we postponed our trip until the little woman could have been free to go with us. She would have been the con-

fidante of our secrets, the consoler of our griefs, the straightener of tangles. With her maturer judgment in our councils we would have made fewer mistakes, and with her sympathy we could have borne more cheerfully our trials and disappointments. Her approval would have been a sweet reward, her loving motherly presence would have turned a garret into a home. She would have been a competent nurse in sickness, an economical house-keeper, a time-saver in the way of shopping and calling, a business manager in every exigency, and a delightful companion on all our expeditions. She would have given herself to us and for us unreservedly, after the manner of mothers, and we would have accomplished twice as much as we actually did, with an entire absence of care and worry.

But it is useless to dwell upon what might have been. When it proved to be impossible for my mother to go with us, Mrs. Roseveldt decided to spend the winter in Paris, and the other girls fancied that the problem of companionship was solved. I had my misgivings, for my means were limited; but so were Winnie's, and we decided that if we could not afford to live with the Roseveldts we would together find modest quarters in some other

part of Paris. Other art students had done this, and we felt sure that what others had done we could do.

We were all four sworn and tried friends. We had roomed together for two years at boarding school, but lately Winnie and I had been drawn more closely together, having shared a studio for a winter in New York. We had learned how to adapt ourselves to one another. We respected, loved, and trusted each other, and were certain that no circumstances could arise which would dampen our friendship.

Adelaide and Milly had much in common. They were both wealthy girls, accustomed to the same style of living and expenditure. Each thought more of dress, of society, and conventionalities than Winnie and I, but they were equally enthusiastic in their love for art, and in their way equally talented. Adelaide's specialty was architecture and decorative art. Milly loved to paint flowers and costumes. Winnie had hitherto shown a fondness only for landscape, and I was a student of portraiture. We had each different ideas of the way in which we intended to carry on our art studies, and after the hurricane settled into calm, and pale but convalescent we began to

creep on deck, or to unroll ourselves from the cocoons with which we had encumbered the steamer-chairs, we began to discuss our plans and to try to reconcile our different views of the best way of carrying on the campaign.

"I shall take you straight to Madame Delavigne's," said Mrs. Roseveltdt. "She keeps a charming pension near the Arc de Triomphe, on the Avenue Marceau."

"The Avenue Marceau!" Winnie repeated, "that is where Van said his mother lives. I must call on her, I suppose, as soon as we arrive, but I want you all to go with me. It's a dreadful ordeal to be passed critically in review. Van has written her all sorts of kindly fibs about me, and I am afraid the shock of seeing my real self will be so great, that she will decide at once that I won't do."

As Winnie spoke she was serenely munching fruit from the great hamper which she had found on board after the good-byes had all been said, a hamper which contained also ten letters from the donor to be opened each on a different day of the voyage—letters all bearing the same signature and the three words—"I love you."

Whatever trepidation she might feel or pretend that she felt in meeting Van's mother

she had no fears that Van himself would be affected by any adverse opinion on the part of that magnificent lady.

"From what I have heard of Mrs. Van Silver," said Mrs. Roseveldt, taking Winnie's mock trepidation quite seriously, "I should judge she was very fastidious. But I will go with you, my dear, and we will not call until I have purchased my own private brougham and have my coachman and footman in correct livery. Such details do have their moral weight."

"And you must let me review your gowns, dear," said Milly. "You must wear your very smartest one, and be perfectly unexceptionable, down to shoes and gloves."

"I do not care to be judged by my clothes, and I have bought nothing new this season."

"But you can't help being judged by your clothes; on first appearance they are the principal part of you. Mrs. Van Silver can't judge on your first call of your moral qualities, and your intellectual ability, or even of your generous heart and lively disposition; so you must submit to having mamma's dressmaker fit you out in a *chic* fall suit before you go up for inspection."

Winnie made a little grimace. "I would

rather she should see me in my studio guise, in a big paint-spotted apron and with brushes run through my hair like Japanese hair-pins."

"That will come later on," said Mrs. Roosevelt; "but we want to show Mrs. Van Silver that you are also presentable socially. I have heard that her afternoons are more popular than any in the American quarter."

"We shall have no time for society," I said. "One can't serve Art and Mammon."

"Quite right," Adelaide assented. "Society for girls, as I have observed it, is a regular matrimonial market, and as such we four have no use for it. Winnie has settled that question in the affirmative, Tib and I in the negative, and Milly is not old enough yet to consider it; hence our chief aim for the present is to avoid society, and especially men, who are objects of total indifference to all of us."

"I endorse Miss Armstrong's sentiments," Winnie replied. "An engaged girl like me has no right to frolic, and I certainly have no desire to do so. She should settle down to the real business of life, and behave herself, as I intend to. I am going to be very, very circumspect, not entirely on Van's account either. You see, he may possibly require



some of my attention after we are married ; therefore I am going to improve my last hours of independence by devoting myself singly to my art. No, I thank you ; no society for me."

Milly pursed up her lips and looked doubtful. "I don't know," she said. "It's all very well for Winnie, who is as good as married, and for Tib, who hates men, to say they will have nothing to do with society ; but I don't see why Adelaide and I should sacrifice every bit of fun just because we like to paint. I love to dance, too, and Adelaide is such a favourite ; she's a born leader. Mother said the other day that she gave distinction to every circle she entered. I think she has a real mission to elevate society. Everyone says that Tib is cut out for an old maid ; but we all know that sometime the fairy prince is bound to claim Adelaide."

At this point Adelaide shook her head with great solemnity and decision.

"Winnie is right," she said ; "we are going to Paris to study art, and to accomplish anything we must be single-hearted in our aim."

"Oh ! yes, of course," Milly replied with a resigned little sigh. "Only if any old friends should happen to call on us, I should not consider myself untrue to my ideals if I was nice

to them, especially if they happened to be interested in art too——”

Adelaide rose with a magnificent expression of disgust and slowly paced the deck.

Winnie joined her——“That child can’t be true to any sentiment for five minutes,” Adelaide said——“she is as impressionable as wax, and as volatile as ether. Two years ago, at school, you remember, Milly imagined that she loved Professor Waite desperately, hopelessly. I pitied her with all my heart, for I thought her in earnest, but she was only acting a little romance and enjoyed her own misery.”

Adelaide did not continue and tell, as she might have done, how Professor Waite had declared his love for her on the evening of her graduation day, and how she had put aside his affection, and refused to listen to her own heart, for the sake of her loyalty to Milly. She did not quite realize at the time the strength of her own regard, and she felt an inconsistent vexation that Milly should have awakened so happily from her day dream. Winnie did not entirely understand her, and attempted to defend Milly.

“You are right,” she said, “in thinking it an imaginary experience, but for the time it seemed very real to the poor child.”

"I have no patience with her susceptibility. She is very young and ought not to be weaving romances for years to come. She is the only really nice girl whom I know whom I think it would be well to shut up in a convent. I shall do the best I can to keep her away from society while she is with us."

"Do you think that is the best way?" Winnie asked musingly. "Do you know I have always thought that co-education might be a good thing for such a girl as Milly. It was her everyday acquaintance with Stacey and the other college boys after she left Madame's which dispelled her illusions in regard to the Professor."

"Yes, just as one nail drives out another, as her pug took the place of her parrot. It is a necessity with Milly to moon over something, it does not much matter what. She knows that Professor Waite is in Paris: if they should meet again, she would be quite ready to repeat the experience. I love Milly dearly, and if she were only capable of appreciating Professor Waite and of remaining constant to him I could sympathize with her, but when after only two years she shows herself so perfectly heart-whole I want desperately to shake her."

"It seems to me that you find fault with

Milly not for caring for Professor Waite, but for becoming cured of her infatuation, which appears to me the fortunate part of the affair, since he never could endure her."

"And since absence has worked the cure and I have no confidence whatever in her stability one way or the other, you may be sure that I shall use every means in my power to avoid him while we are in Paris."

Adelaide was not quite frank; there was another reason why she did not wish to see Professor Waite. The two years in which she had neither met nor heard from him had not changed her feelings, and the mere mention of his name troubled the waters of memory and she felt that she could not trust herself to meet him. "I am as weak as Milly," she said to herself; "it is better that we should never see each other again." In this she wronged both Milly and herself; for Milly, now thoroughly enlightened, could never again accept illusion for reality; while it was strength of attachment, not weakness of character, which under that calm exterior filled Adelaide's heart with vague unrest.

While Adelaide and Winnie were exchanging confidences, Milly was chatting with me.

"Isn't Adelaide superb?" she said. "She

would make a perfect heroine for a novel. If I could only write one. I can think it all out, but some way it won't come into words, and I'd rather have it work out in life."

"If is dangerous to play with human puppets," I said; "they will not always act as you would like to have them. You were thinking of some special person when you said—'If any old friends should happen to call'—you meant someone in particular."

"Yes," Milly replied, without hesitation, "You know Professor Waite is in Paris. I do hope he will come to see us, because I know that he loves Adelaide, and I want her to love him."

I looked keenly at Milly: it was impossible not to recognize her sincerity. "But you used to care for Professor Waite," I said.

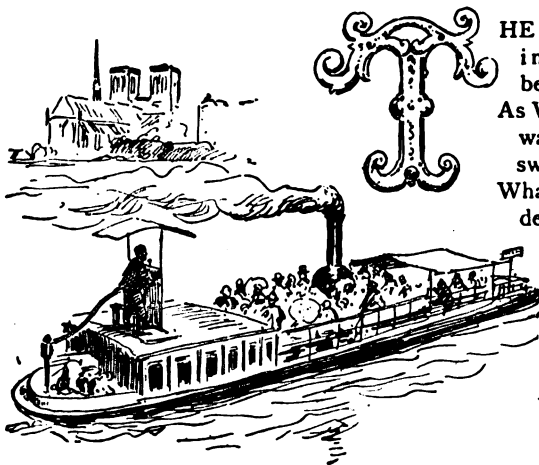
"That was when I was a child." Milly said this in the most aged way, quite as if she was reviewing some other person. "We are entirely unsuited to each other. It's the greatest piece of good fortune that I found it out in time."

So as we talked of the past and of the future the great steamer bore us steadily on our way, the throb of its engine beating like that of some great human heart, away from the old

life on toward the new and the unknown. We four: light-hearted, childlike Milly, romancing idly with the characters and hearts about her as though they were the fictitious characters in some novel that she was reading; Adelaide, crushing bravely back a real attachment, and never betraying it even to those who knew her best; Winnie, confident in affection returned, snatching moments between her keen enjoyment of the present for long confidences in her journal-letter to "dear old Van"; and I, to whom all romance was nonsense, unknown and undesired, who loved only art, but who loved that with all my heart, my mind, and strength.

## CHAPTER II.

### FIRST IMPRESSIONS.



THE city swims  
in verdure,  
beautiful

As Venice on the  
waters, the sea  
swan.

What bosky gar-  
dens, dropped  
inclosewall'd  
courts,

As plums in  
ladies' laps,  
who start  
and laugh;

What miles  
of streets  
that run on  
after trees,

Still carrying the necessary shops,  
Those open caskets, with the jewels seen,  
And trade is art, and philosophy  
In Paris.

WE were in Paris, city of our studies and of  
our imagination. It was all strangely familiar.  
The Place de la Concorde, with its flashing  
fountains and sky pointing obelisk, the

Louvre, with its treasures of the old masters, which we knew so well from photographs and copies, and other inexhaustible treasures yet to be revealed; the Champs Élysées, where Milly had loitered in imagination and dreamed of its ever changing panorama of the gaiety and fashion of *la vie Parisienne*; the life of the Seine where the real French people can be seen at their truest; the boulevards, with their flaneurs; Notre Dame, with which Victor Hugo had made us so familiar; the Grand Opéra and the Madeleine—we recognized them all at first view, and it seemed to us as we viewed them from the tops of omnibuses, or slowly pacing with guidebook in hand, that we had been here before. It was just as Mrs. Browning wrote.

Strange, unsuspected details of foreignness and difference came out as we studied the scenes about us, but at first we were all struck with our feeling of being at home in it all. "I wonder if it will seem like this when we get to heaven," Milly said. "It was such a plunge into the vast unknown, this coming to Europe, and it is just as natural as if we had been born here."



We had agreed not to waste much time in sight-seeing *per se*, but to settle immediately to our work, and, as Winnie expressed it, absorb the sight-seeing gradually. Mrs. Roseveldt had taken us at first to the pension which she had mentioned in the American quarter, not far from the Arc de Triomphe. We found the table excellent, the other guests Americans, and the locality a convenient one in its relation to the shops, theatres, and other places of amusement. It had a still greater advantage for us: it was near the Julian School Studio for Ladies, in the Rue de Berri, and we all enrolled ourselves as students. Mr. Ridgeway, Winnie's instructor in art, had urged her to do this, and when she objected, that she wished to paint landscapes, had said:

"First of all, you want to learn to draw; after you have learned that, will be time enough to decide *what* you want to do with your ability."

Bouguereau, Tony Robert Fleury, and Chapu were visiting professors at the school, which was arranged very much on the same lines as the Art Students' League in New York. I soon realized that it was absurd for art students to go abroad to study before they had availed themselves of the opportunities

now offered at home. There were many floundering in difficulties in those closely packed rooms who could have advanced quite as fast in New York, and would have profited immeasurably more by the advantages of Paris if they had finished their preparatory training at home. How many times I blessed my hard work and my teacher's painstaking instruction at the Art Students' League, which enabled me to understand the criticisms and to act upon the suggestions of my French masters. I chose Bouguereau as my particular instructor at the school. He criticised our work on Friday or Saturday, and the pupils followed him about from easel to easel.

It was embarrassing for me at first to have my efforts pulled to pieces before so large an audience, but I soon lost all feeling of personality in the matter. It was considered a compliment if our master lingered longer over one canvas than another, even if it were only to find fault. Another of his pupils, in an excellent article on the Julian School, has noted this peculiarity of Bouguereau's in being severe with his favourite pupils.

"You have noticed, Mademoiselle," he said, "that if a pupil is stupid or careless I do not scold her. Why should I? I do not wish to

hurt her feelings, or waste my time and force. When I see ability, interest, hard work, then I am willing to talk long and severely. A teacher's stern, painstaking criticism is a boon to be coveted by the pupil."

Every Monday a subject was given out for an original composition. I soon found that what my master desired most was originality and *esprit*. In these Winnie excelled, and Winnie soon graduated from criticism to praise, but when she reached this point she became dissatisfied. It was hard for her not to find fault with what she called his "little banal compliments," and she invariably did as soon as his back was turned.

"He wants us to be original," she grumbled to me, "and he is not a bit so himself. He is a confirmed old copyist, if there ever was one."

"I never heard that criticism made of his work before," I replied. "People may call it mannered, and sweet, and affected, but his affectations are surely his own. Who does Bouguereau copy?"

"Why, Bouguereau, of course," Winnie replied. "He has gone on repeating himself ever since his first success, so that now the merest tyro can tell a Bouguereau across a gallery. The same exquisite carnations and

lovely faces and graceful attitudes. I am tired of them. You never wanted him for a professor. You always longed for Laurens, and I am sure there is some way for you to secure your heart's desire."

"But Laurens has no atelier for women."

"I know it, but if we have a studio of our own I believe we could prevail upon him to come and review your work. What I object to in this pension life is that we have every convenience except working conveniences. If we had an apartment of our own, with a room so lighted that we could fit it up as a studio, when we did not feel like going to the school we could paint at home and be ever so much more independent."

There were other reasons why the idea of an apartment of our very own appealed to us.

We were becoming too well acquainted with other Americans, and they frittered away our time.

Mrs. Van Silver had reviewed Winnie and had decided that she was "not impossible." She had her reservations when she considered certain original and independent tendencies in Winnie, but she was drawn to the wayward, sparkling girl and fully understood, if she did not entirely share, the fascina-

tion which Winnie exercised over her son. In order to study Winnie more closely she continually drew us from the path of study by seducing invitations. Now it was a reception at the American Minister's, and again she deluged us with tickets for exhibitions; or sent for us to accompany her to the theatre and the opera, or besieged Winnie with entreaties to go with her to dinners, dances, and every conceivable fashionable entertainment of the season.

Winnie and Mrs. Van Silver did not quite understand each other. Winnie thought her very stylish, very elegant costumes in light orchid crepes or rich eminence velvet too youthful for her snow-white hair. There was a glitter in her eyes as cold and as hard as in her great solitaires, and Winnie never felt at ease in her presence. It seemed to her that she was being perpetually weighed in the balances and found wanting. Mrs. Van Silver's very attentions seemed to Winnie officious. "She acts as if I were already one of the family. She takes a great deal too much for granted. I wish I could escape from her."

Winnie was not altogether wrong in her surmises in regard to Mrs. Van Silver's attitude.

That lady grew more and more puzzled by Winnie, and became at length quite distressed by her son's admiration for this perplexing girl. She fancied Adelaide much more, and sighed in secret over the blindness of young love, but she continued her friendly attentions, hoping to please her son and to become better acquainted with Winnie. I think she might have succeeded had it not been for the mischief-making of a very disagreeable girl. Cynthia Vaughn, an old acquaintance of ours at Madame's school, was in Paris with her mother. Mrs. Vaughn was a very shallow little woman, over whom Cynthia openly domineered, marching her about the country, making much of her as a chaperone, but holding the reins of government completely in her own hands. It would have been amusing, if it had not been pitiable, to watch the cool disrespect with which Cynthia contradicted her mother and shut her up when her platitudes became wearisome. They had made the acquaintance of Mrs. Van Silver, and hung upon her skirts, following her from some summer watering place to Paris and taking apartments near her. Mrs. Van Silver was temporarily blinded by Cynthia's fulsome flattery. The lady had a kindly heart, and she pitied the young girl who

seemed to have so little in her life to make her happy, and Cynthia was occasionally included in Mrs. Van Silver's invitations. Certain disagreeable memories of occurrences at Madame's school came to us all when we met her, but we were all coolly polite, with the exception of Winnie, who followed the impulse of the moment and deliberately turned her back as Cynthia came smirking toward her. Cynthia never forgave this insult. We had no means of knowing just what stories she concocted and circulated in regard to Winnie, but she certainly prejudiced Mrs. Van Silver gravely against her. Milly tried to be a peace-maker, with very poor success; the two girls would not speak when they met. Winnie simply wished to have nothing to do with Cynthia, and the latter waited with patient malice for an opportunity to do Winnie an injury.

Through Mrs. Roseveldt and Mrs. Van Silver we had become acquainted with many other Americans, who showered us with social attentions.

Mrs. Roseveldt, on being appealed to, feebly endeavoured to perform certain of our social duties for us—carrying our cards when she called, and explaining our preoccupations. But she found it impossible to shield us from them

all. There were so many invitations which she considered undoubted privileges in themselves, and others which to her mind were duties, while we disliked to offend even the bores. But people would not understand that we had come to Paris for serious work, and it became evident that we could not carry it on in this quarter. Moreover, another more pressing reason than any yet mentioned was making itself felt by Winnie and myself. Adelaide was a wealthy girl, but Winnie and I were limited to a very modest sum, which must cover our entire expenses in Europe. It needed only a very brief calculation to show that living with the Roseveltdts in this charming pension, with its pretty garden, its chintz draped bedrooms, its tiny private parlour with the Louis Seize furniture, and its perfect service, would reduce our stay in Paris to three months, whereas we had hoped to remain at least a year. Mrs. Roseveldt was a little piqued that we did not consider the advantage of her chaperonage above everything else, and that we were too proud to accept any assistance from her and remain without paying our full quota of the expenses. Finding us firm on this point she expressed her disapproval of our independence in courte-



ous but very distinct terms, and washed her hands of all responsibility in regard to us. The left side of the Seine was to her an unknown region inhabited by communists, Bohemian students, and other outcasts from society.

"You will be so far away that we shall never see you again," Milly lamented.

"Nonsense," Adelaide retorted, "I intend to make a series of studies at the Cluny Palace, and if they will only take rooms in that locality I will lunch with them every day."

Adelaide took great interest in our settlement, and although she decided that she must remain with Mrs. Roseveldt until she could obtain permission from her parents to make the change, she confided to us her hope of joining us later. She even tramped about with us in our house-hunting excursions, and discussed with us the advantages of the different quarters.

Winnie was very fond of the Luxembourg.

"Of that splendid royal garden  
Where Catharine de Medicis  
Planned with sorcerer and warden,  
Under the voluptuous trees.  
Where to honour regal women  
Rows of storied statues stand;

Where the wisdom of a senate  
Shapes the edicts of the land :  
Little children, bright and pretty,  
The delight and joy of man,  
Charm the scene with dance and ditty  
To please that gay Quartier Latin."

To please Winnie we did a great deal of unsuccessful house-hunting in the Latin quarter, but the Bohemianism of the student colony displeased Adelaide, who urged us to try to find something available in the old aristocratic Faubourg St. Germain. "I do not imagine that you could make the acquaintance of any of your neighbours," she said. "The real noblesse are too exclusive to take any notice of foreigners; but I should feel an added respectability from being in such surroundings, in seeing the descendants of princely homes pass on the street, in living in a house with associations with the great of other days, that had belonged possibly to a *connétable*, a *duchesse*, or even a prince of the blood."

She made a list of the noble names connected with the faubourg and begged us to keep our ears pricked up for any anecdotes in regard to the Chastellux, Choiseuls Praslins, Saint Agnans, Vaubecourts, Dampierres, Nivernois, Montmorencys, Lavals, de Broglies, La Tour d'Auvergues, La Rochefoucaulds, d'Ar-

gensons, Hauteforts, Talleyrands, Aiguillons, Noailles, Rohans, Orsays, Montesquieux, Polignacs, Narbonnes, La Fayette, Grammonts, Esterhazys, La Vallières, La Tremouilles, Lauzuns, Bezenvals, Vaudreuils, Rochambeaux, and others.

"I have read," she said, "that Napoleon was worried by the coldness of the old aristocrats, who regarded him and his successors as *canaille*. Proud of the ten centuries which many of them could boast of authentic nobility, these aristocratic dames looked down alike upon Josephine and Eugenie when the world saluted each as Empress. Surely these families are the French of the French. I have a respect for them in their misfortunes and have no desire to force myself upon their acquaintance, even if that were possible, but I would like to study them from the outside so far as the chance of neighbourhood gave me opportunity."

In deference to Adelaide's wishes, we prowled about among the old hotels of the aristocracy. We saw many that were closed, evidently uninhabited, but not a single placard announcing "*Appartements à Louer*." The owners might be too poor to keep them up in the old extravagant style, but they would not

desecrate their ancestral halls by taking lodgers.

As an ardent sympathizer has written in a style at which we may smile : "Neither emigration nor exile, neither the revolutionary scaffold nor proscriptions, have thinned the ranks of the *ancienne noblesse*, nor polluted the blood which flows in its veins. It is more spiritual, more gracious, more amiable, and more exclusive than ever. It ignores the Government, it shows itself at the Bois, at the races, at seaside resorts ; it amuses itself, it dances over a volcano, ready to leap into it if it must, but courageous, exclusive, incorruptible, and pure."

Adelaide had almost given up as impracticable her desire that we should obtain rooms in the Faubourg St. Germain. "What part of Paris would you like ?" she asked, turning to me.

"I hardly know," I replied, "provided it is old, and historic, and picturesque ; and for these qualities it would seem that we cannot go wrong anywhere. Only read what Daudet says :

"Our strange city of Paris, in its population and its aspects, seems to be a sample of the whole world. In the Marais we find narrow streets, with old carved doors,

overhanging gables, balconies or verandas that revive memories of old Heidelberg. The Faubourg St. Honoré, where it opens out around the Russian church, with its white minarets and golden balls, recalls a quarter of Moscow. I know at Montmartre a picturesque, huddled-up corner that is genuine Algiers. Small houses, low and trim, each with its own gate and brass door-plate and its own garden, are ranged in English streets, between Neuilly and the Champs Elysées, while all the apse of St. Sulpice, the Rue Ferron, the Rue Cassette, tranquil beneath the shadow of the huge towers, badly paved, with knockers on every door, seem brought from some provincial ecclesiastical city, Tours or Orleans, for example, where tall trees, rising above the walls, swing to the sound of bells and chants."

"That reminds me," said Winnie, "that we have not tried the Rue de l'Université. It is an offshoot of the Boulevard St. Germain—a sort of connecting link between that aristocratic faubourg and the Latin quarter. One can fancy it inhabited by abbés and cardinals, as well as by wild students. There were dozens of colleges in the quarter, many of which have been incorporated in the Institute of France, and others which have died out—colleges with rich foundations, intended for only a half dozen or ten students. Some of these fine old scholastic buildings must still exist, and I would enjoy nothing better than prowling among them." It was a happy

thought, for the very next day as we threaded the Rue de l'Université a spray of clematis caught at Winnie's parasol. As she stopped to disentangle it she noticed that it was a long, pendulous branch from a vine which had climbed the other side of a high wall.

"There must be a lovely garden over there," said Winnie; and Milly, who was peeping through a small opening in the great gate of rough planks painted green, exclaimed, "Girls, only look! It is perfectly sweet; a garden just overrun with flowers, box borders, mossy statues, a flight of doves, and a background of such a delicious architectural jumble, classical on this side, with long stately pilasters; and gothic over there, with the dearest circular staircase in a *tourelle*; and there is the abbé or the marquis! See an old gentleman with white hair flowing from under his skullcap, tying up the roses! How more than fascinating!"

We each took our turn at spying.

"There are many historic houses in the Rue de l'Université," said Adelaide. "This is doubtless one of them."

"Pardon, mesdames," said a voice behind us; and a brisk young man, who appeared to

be the *concierge*, brushed by us and opened the gate.

"Will you be good enough to tell us," said Winnie, "whether you know of any studio to let in this vicinity?"

"But certainly it is just here," the man replied, pointing to an inconspicuous notice on the gate, which we had not observed in our interest in the place itself.

Anatole, as we afterward came to know him, led the way across the garden court to the spiral staircase, which we mounted to the upper story. Here, wonderful to relate, was a roomy studio, with easel and model stand, and a few other articles of furniture exactly suited to our needs.

The house, he told us, had been built long ago by a noble family, the du Pèlerins. Their insignia, a cockle-shell, could be seen everywhere, sculptured in the armorial bearings over the main entrance, worked into the forged iron of the *grille*, strung on ribbons and lovers' knots on the gilded plaster cornices, in the style of Louis XVI.

It was leased now by a wine merchant who had taken it for debt, the du Pèlerins having had a running account with his firm, and having literally drunk themselves out of house

and home. The last representative of the family had reserved for himself a small apartment on the same floor with our studio, where he lived very simply with only one body servant. The wine merchant occupied the lower story as a warehouse for his casks of imported liquors, lived on the "*premier*" on one side of the court, and had altered the rest of the building to suit the requirements of various lodgers. The artist who had occupied this studio last was a man of great talent, but he had starved to death, Anatole thought. At any rate they had found him dead before his unfinished picture.

No one knew his relatives, and Monsieur le Propriétaire had seized his effects as payment for back rent. That was why the studio was partly furnished.

Milly shuddered. "It makes me feel *gouie*," she said, coining a word for the occasion, "to think of that poor man dying here."

"Reassure yourself, mademoiselle," Anatole replied. "His disease was not contagious; it was only genius."

"What became of his last picture?" Winnie asked.

"It was rubbish," Anatole replied, "and as



I needed a bit of oil-cloth to patch the roof of my rabbit house, I made it useful."

The rent was very cheap, for the studio had been unoccupied for many months, possibly from superstitious dread. Anatole informed us that there was a market just around the corner which would be very convenient if we desired to keep house.

It being objected that this was not possible without kitchen conveniences, Anatole showed us a tiny kitchen at the end of the hall, a mere cook's galley for the smallest of yachts, but with a little range, tiled with blue and white tiles, and rows of shining copper *casseroles* above the little table. This kitchen really belonged to the suite of rooms occupied by the Vicomte du Pèlerin, but he did not use it, for both he and his valet took their meals at restaurants. Anatole thought that for a slight consideration we might have the use of this kitchen. He would enquire of the valet, who managed all the vicomte's affairs and was very miserly, as no doubt there was need of being. Anatole's sympathies and interests were evidently all with the wealthy "marchand de vin," Monsieur le Propriétaire, whose agent as well as *concierge* he was, and he looked upon our neighbour, the poor noble,

and especially upon his valet, with ill-disguised contempt. Anatole likewise informed us that, also for a consideration, he, Anatole, would always be ready to serve us in any way we might desire; in return for which offer we informed him that he would serve us best by leaving us for a moment to deliberate upon the situation.

Our impressions were unanimously favourable. "It is the very place I had dreamed for you," said Adelaide, "with a vicomte on the same floor. From your studio window you can see into one of his rooms. It's a queer place. The walls are covered with Dutch faience like a museum. And, see I verily believe that is the vicomte himself—a white-haired old man in black—playing solitaire at a little table."

"What I like about it," said Winnie, perching unconventionally on the model-stand, "is that Mrs. Van Silver will drop me now like a hot poker. She never can condone such rabid Bohemianism as this. I shall not be treated to any more of her effusive tenderness."

"She will be awfully shocked," Milly ventured timidly.

"So much the better. She will never come near us. *Je ne désire pas mieux.*"

"But she will surely write Mr. Van Silver her construction of the whole affair."

"What of that? I also correspond with Mr. Van Silver. If there are little differences of opinion to arise between Madame Mamma and myself, it is quite as well that they should begin now, and I shall be interested in seeing how he takes it."

It seemed to me that we could not do better, and the result was that we took the studio, and desired Anatole to enter into negotiation with the owner of the kitchen.

Our trunks were immediately removed to our new home. We found an establishment where furniture and table-ware were let. We hired the few articles which we considered necessary, purchased a moderate supply of bedding, and with gay draperies and cushions so disguised our two cot beds that they had the appearance of luxurious couches. Adelaide and Milly helped us in arranging our studio, and Mrs. Roseveldt, in spite of her personal disapproval of the entire scheme, was really kind and always defended us from unkind remarks. She instituted inquiries and ascertained that the house was a respectable one, and that a certain Madame Dupré, the widow of a French officer, a friend of a friend of hers, had lodgings in

a remote part of the same building. Mrs. Roseveldt accordingly called on Madame Dupré and endeavoured to establish relations between us. Her well intentioned efforts resulted in nothing so far as we were concerned. Madame Dupré took no notice of us. She was probably scandalized at the notion of two demoiselles setting up housekeeping alone—and we did not in the least mourn her neglect. It was a consolation to Mrs. Roseveldt, however, to be able to explain to her friends that we were “*with* Madame Dupré.” In spite of our unfailing regrets, she never ceased to send us invitations to all of her entertainments.

And now our student life began in earnest. A life so full of blunders, of struggles, of privations, of vexations, mortifications, disappointments, of real danger, that I hesitate to recommend it to any others; but one replete with such enthusiasm buoying us up over all difficulties, such friendship tried by misfortune and found never failing, such wonderful providence of our Heavenly Father, the wings of whose guardian angels we could almost hear flutter, that my heart is filled with an awed thanksgiving as I recall the way in which we were led.

Adelaide's and Milly's attempts at study in

the midst of social distraction were even less successful. As I look back it seems to me that we exemplified in our experiments two ways in which *not* to do it. If we had had the protection and companionship of my mother—if they had not had the allurements of society, we would certainly have all succeeded better; and to all young girls who think of pursuing an art career I would say—You cannot serve Art and Mammon, and first in your list of requirements for the new studio I would place—a sensible mother.

## CHAPTER III.

### LE PEINTRE DES MORTS.



INNIE and I took possession of the studio in the Rue de l'Université a few days after its discovery.

We had been so busy with putting things to rights in the studio itself, that we had not thought of the little kitchen and the providing for our meals until reminded by pangs of hunger that it was quite dinner time.

"I will go out to the *épicerie* and purchase groceries," I suggested, "and I will ask Anatole as I come in for the key to the kitchen."

"Yes," Winnie replied doubtfully, "but it is too late to get up a dinner, and we are very

tired. I think we would better dine just for to-night at the restaurant around the corner, and begin our housekeeping to-morrow morning."

We found the restaurant not at all agreeable for two young ladies. The men, for the most part students, stared at us, and other women who were dining there unattended were evidently not of our own class. Some were models, with whom the artists stopped and chatted, not hesitating to light a cigar while conversing with them over their coffee.

"We will never go there any more!" Winnie announced decidedly, as we left the door and hastened to the little grocer's and left our modest order. The grocer's wife showed us to the butcher's shop, kept by a woman, good Madame Rondel, who became our steadfast friend. I enjoyed very much my daily calls upon her. She sat at her receipt of custom, a little desk near her door, where she commanded her small army of butcher boys in their clean white aprons. She knew to a pound every joint on the hooks, outside and within, and always had a nice morsel of filet or a tender pair of chops for her "Americans." She gave me recipes for *roggons sautés* (kidney stew), and taught me how to







prepare *lapin* (rabbit) after the French fashion, though it nearly made us ill to roast the little creature with its head unsevered from its body, in the gory black sauce. Madame Rondel was the aristocrat of the shopkeepers. She was a well preserved woman, scrupulously neat in her black attire. I thought at first that she was a widow, but learned afterward that there was a Monsieur Rondel who had no head for business, *pauvre chou* (poor cabbage), and she had therefore purchased him a second lieutenant's commission in the army. She had desired him to superintend the slaughtering department, but the sight of blood always made him sick : he was much better off where he was, where everything was quite to his taste. "But what if there should be war?" I asked.

Madame shrugged her shoulders. "His officers will know better than to put him where there would be any fighting."

Madame Rondel recommended a milk dealer, a baker, and a charcoal vendor. It was quite late when we completed our orders and paused at the gate lodge to interview Anatole. He took the key instantly from its hook and begged a thousand pardons.

Monsieur le Vicomte's valet was delighted

that those ladies should serve themselves of his kitchen, and would not hear to receiving the least rent. However, if those ladies insisted on recompensing him, if they would allow their maid when preparing their morning coffee to place a small pot at his door, he would consider himself most deeply indebted.

"But we keep no maid," Winnie exclaimed. "Did you not tell him so?"

"I was not informed of the young ladies' intentions as to their housekeeping arrangements," Anatole replied. "Moreover, if I had been admitted to their confidences, I should not have felt at liberty to share them with the valet of Monsieur le Vicomte. He had seen those ladies at the restaurant and judged from their high bred appearance that they were of a position to employ a maid. It was not my place to contradict him."

"It makes no manner of difference what this man may have surmised," Winnie replied slowly; "the question for us is whether we propose to make his coffee in exchange for the use of his kitchen."

"Is there no other way in which we can pay the rent of the kitchen?" I asked.

Anatole assured us that there was not. Monsieur le Vicomte was very proud, he

would never receive a penny from our hands, nor would he permit us to serve him if he knew that we intended to make our own coffee. Anatole had only to tell him this and the request would be withdrawn, while the kitchen would remain at our service."

"I positively refuse to be indebted to this stranger," Winnie asserted.

"And I see no reason," I replied, "why when we are making our coffee we should not add the quantity necessary for the vicomte and his valet. It is no trouble whatever and a very easy way of paying our rent, while the kitchen is a real necessity to us."

"I don't see, however," Winnie added, "why the vicomte's valet cannot make his coffee for him."

Anatole coughed significantly. "This is all a plan of the valet's, who manages his master's affairs," he said, "and mademoiselle has possibly not reflected that it is not so much the trouble of making the coffee as the cost of procuring it and the alcohol for the lamp which he would avoid. When all is told, you will have paid enough for your kitchen at the end of the year."

"Never mind," I replied, "we will try the

arrangement." And the conditions were accordingly accepted.

We spent no time in speculations in regard to the vicomte, but devoted ourselves at once to art. The distance of our studio from the Julian School was so great that we gave up our connection with it, and began to look about for a master who would visit us and criticise our work.

As has been already mentioned I had a sincere admiration for the severe style of Laurens, that master of historical painting, though I did not dare to approach him. But no name after Laurens satisfied me.

Carolus Duran, so popular with Americans that his studio for pupils was always crowded, the students, as the French expressed it, sitting in each other's pockets, seemed to me cheap and claptrappy in his methods, in comparison with my chosen master. As yet we were not acclimated to the new school of Parisian art. We knew only the older names by reputation. Winnie in her landscapes followed Rousseau, and admired Diaz and Corot. Our opinions were based on the examples of French paintings which we had seen in America in the collections of connoisseurs, at the Metropolitan Museum, and in the picture shops. We were not

yet "in the movement," and the names which we mentally reviewed as possible teachers would seem old-fashioned to anyone familiar with the Paris of to-day. Later we came to know the painters of the *vingtième siècle*, but just now we thought only of the men who have been acknowledged sovereigns but whose rule is passing away.

Bonnat's pictures were to me only studies, unidealized portraits of models with no story to tell. Jacquet, too, was hardly a historical painter in the grand sense. He had but two favourite subjects, women and armor, and only Joan of Arc happily combines the two. Cabanel seemed to care only for the nude, while Firmin, Girard, and Toulmonche were devoted to costume, and fashion plates at that. Escosura was a painter of costumes for fancy balls; and I had no wish to rival Elizabeth Thompson and devote myself to military subjects, following the path of Detaille, DeNeuville or Berne Bellecour. Edouard Frère, who more than any other French artist has recognized the Christ in man, and who has been the patient, kindly teacher of so many Americans who gathered about him in the old days at Ecouen, was dead. So was Couture, whose beautiful chateau at Vilier le Bel was the

Mecca of many another art aspirant. Millet, who painted the soul of humanity looking out from simple life, had also joined the great majority. Jules Breton seemed to be the man on whom the mantle of Millet had fallen ; but I could not find that Jules Breton was in Paris, or that he ever received pupils. Gérôme, the painter of classical scenes, has had many American pupils, chief of whom is Bridgeman, whose Egyptian pictures are studies in archæology, but I was told that Gérôme would not teach women, having no faith in their capabilities. This I afterward found was not true, but for the time it put Gérôme out of the question. There was Courtois, dignified and gentle, the faithful friend and counsellor of many an American student, but his studio was at Neuilly, away at the other end of Paris. Milly was a great admirer of Chaplin, who has been said to catch most cleverly the fugitive lines and poses that give the charm of elegance and fascination to graceful women—but though the “chic” of his blond Parisiennes have made him famous, Milly preferred the air of perfect breeding, usually maintained in the society women of Chaplin’s pupil Madeleine Lemaire. Milly would study some day with Madame

Lemaire, but Winnie and I were not drawn by her subjects.

"If we could only find a master like Lecocq de Boisbaudran," I said, "the man who was not himself a great painter, but who knew how to stimulate and develop the individuality of his pupils. Fancy, no one knows Boisbaudran's paintings, but the world knows his pupils—Whistler, Du Maurier, L'Hermitte, Cazin, Legros—and how different each man's personality! That is the secret of teaching—not to make disciples and followers who shall repeat their master in little, but to awaken enthusiasm and set in motion a force differing from, and sometimes greater than, the master's talent."

Each afternoon Winnie and I called at different studios in search of a master; and while waiting his advent she haunted the exhibitions and galleries, trying to learn from studying the paintings; but I worked regularly every morning in our new studio, as I found the light excellent. The second day a young girl knocked at the door. She was a model, and had posed for the artist who formerly occupied the studio. She had wonderful eyes and thick crimped hair, such as Rossetti loves to paint, and



I asked her in and began a study of her face.

She had not heard that our predecessor was dead, but she was not greatly surprised.

"I thought he would die," she said, "or else go insane, for he seemed almost beside himself when I posed for him. It was for a great picture, which was to have been shown at the Salon and to have made his fortune. It was 'The Angel of Fame.' He posed me so, reaching a laurel wreath right out of the picture. The foreshortening of the arm was difficult, and bothered him; but it was quite as difficult for me to keep the pose. *Ciel!* how weary I grew, and how he raved because my arm shook! He said that those who served art had no business to have bodies, to feel hunger or fatigue; they should be all soul! And then he softened and brought a broom forward, and rested my arm on that. And when I went away that night he took out his old worn pocket-book, and there were only five francs in it and a ten sous piece. He gave me the five francs for my posing, and then he looked at the little silver piece so hungrily! 'Which shall it be?' he said; 'my dinner or the laurel wreath? I must have it to finish the picture, but I had

no dinner yesterday and only a roll to-day.' 'Look you, monsieur,' I said, 'I know a florist's where I can have credit. I will get you a laurel wreath and you can pay me later when your picture is sold. Take your little ten cents and buy you a good nourishing soup.' I ordered the laurel wreath sent him. They sent me the bill last week; it was six francs, and I called this morning to see if he had had any luck and could pay me, for I have never heard from him since. You see, he had finished my face, and he said he would write me when he needed me again. I always wondered that he did not write me, and I looked through the last Salon for his picture, but I did not find it."

After Alphonsine had gone and Winnie had returned from the new Salon at the Champ de Mars I told the model's story.

"I wonder if that was the picture," Winnie said, "with which Anatole patched his rabbit house. Let's investigate."

We proceeded to the gate-lodge and Anatole agreed for the price of a sheet of tin to demolish the roof of his hutch. The white bunnies rolled their pink eyes in astonishment as we removed their ceiling. The picture had been much damaged by the weather, and it

had never been completed, only the figure of Fame in the middle of the canvas was distinct—Alphonsine's wonderful eyes and the left arm extended in its bold foreshortening—but there was no laurel wreath in the hand, which was only sketched in. I drew Winnie's attention to this fact. "I do not believe he ever received it," she said.

Anatole pricked up his ears. "A laurel wreath? But yes, one came the day that we found Monsieur, the artist, dead before his easel. 'It is the gift of his lady-love for his coffin,' my wife said. It was the only tribute that was sent and we buried it with him on his breast. I wondered that she could have learned the news so soon, but my wife said 'Love has messengers that we know nothing of.' We looked for her to come and follow him to the grave, but there was no one. 'Depend upon it, Anatole, there are reasons why she could not show her grief publicly, but I am glad there was one woman who cared for him enough to pay for a laurel wreath for his coffin. Laurels cost dear in Paris.'"

Anatole's naïf remark had a double signification to us. We carried the canvas to the studio and studied it carefully, and spoke tenderly of the poor artist. "I shall pay Al-

phonsine the six francs for that wreath," I said, "the poor girl can ill afford to lose so much money."

Winnie looked at me with quick comprehension. "You need never pretend that you are not romantic, Tib. Your real reason is not that you want to reimburse Alphonsine. You want Anatole's conjecture to be true, that there was a woman who cared for the poor man enough to send the laurels for his burial."

I did not deny the charge, and then we looked at the picture again, and wondered why he had chosen that Fame should extend the wreath with her left hand, and what it was she held in her right, half concealed by the folds of her robe.

It came to me at length that he must have intended to place a sword here. Nothing else explained the murderous look in Fame's eyes—luring her victims on to death by the proffered laurels. As I pondered the matter I thought what a picture that dead artist, lying under this canvas, must have been for those who first broke open his studio door. "If I could only paint it!" I said, and began to sketch in the composition.

Winnie watched me silently with interest.

I arranged it so that the point of the sword was directly over the head of the prostrate man, while Fame, paying no attention to him, stared over and beyond him at whoever might chance to look at the picture, as though striving to fascinate him also, by the same delusive bribe, to the same dreadful fate.

"A magnificent idea," said Winnie, "only you don't know enough to paint it."

"True; but I can try. The picture on the artist's canvas must be subordinated to the figure of the dead man. There is where the real difficulty will come in. I can paint Fame from Alphonsine, and I can hire a model to represent the artist; but will he look dead?"

He did not. After a week's work Winnie assured me that I had failed. My artist looked as though he were sleeping comfortably, not in the least bit dead.

"There are no two ways about it, Tib; you must go to the Morgue and study the dead faces there. Repulsive as they may be, it is the only way out of your difficulty."

I fought against it for some time, but was at last persuaded by Winnie's cogent reasoning. She went with me to keep my courage up. It was a dreadful experience, and I have no intention of describing it. I mastered my

feelings by a powerful effort of my will, and made several studies. Winnie thought them very good. They certainly were frightful in their effect, perhaps equally so in their artistic qualities. Their one merit was a startling realism.

But they did not help me, for they were not in the position or lighting which I had chosen for my figure, and I turned them to the wall, and sat down before my unfinished picture utterly discouraged.

It happened that Adelaide came to see us that afternoon. She was like a breeze from the north, and she did us all good.

"I am coming over to spend a week with you," she commenced gaily. "I can't stand this society life any longer; I don't accomplish a living thing. Wednesday there are some races at Chantilly, and Mrs. Van Silver has gotten up a coaching party to drive out to see them. She has invited a Count de la Tour to be my escort, and Mrs. Roseveltdt is in the plot and has promised that Milly shall go; but they have reckoned without me. Milly told me of the scheme this morning, and I packed a few things and brought them with me in a cab. I got away without letting Mrs. Roseveltdt know a word about it, simply leav-

ing a polite little note, saying that I had long been wanting to make some studies in the Cluny, and I could do it so much more conveniently if I was near and handy by."

"I am afraid she will be seriously offended," I said.

"Not a bit. She doesn't know that I have discovered her plan about the Chantilly excursion. Milly is such a coward she would never dare confess that she had let it out, and it serves the schemers right for trying to spring such a little game upon me."

"I thought you were interested in the French aristocracy," I said, "and here you are throwing away an opportunity to know a real count."

"Yes, I have a peculiar weakness for the glamour which surrounds a title. I would love to know some old serving woman of a noble house and hear her prattle of the ups and downs of the family, especially of its downs, its legends, and traditions. I have always believed in *noblesse oblige*, and that a man of noble ancestry could not be ignoble. I would like very much to know such an one, but I will not make myself cheap or run after a title in the way that some vulgar Americans do. And then my first reason is the true one. I

do not want to be led away from my work. Tell me I am a good girl, Tib, for having backbone enough not to suffer myself to be led into temptation. By the way, have you discovered anything further in regard to your neighbour, the Vicomte du Pèlerin ?”

“Very little,” Winnie replied, “except that he is very difficult in the matter of coffee, and insists on having it served on time, with four lumps of loaf sugar.”

“What do you mean ?”

I explained the agreement in regard to the kitchen, and Adelaide laughed heartily.

“What a lark !” she said. “Let me make it to-morrow ; I would like to see him.”

“But you would not,” Winnie replied. “I have made it heretofore and I have never had a glimpse of him. I have had the honour of several interviews with monsieur’s valet, however. The first time was the second morning after our establishment here. A young man tapped at the kitchen door and remarked :

“‘I have come for the coffee of Monsieur le Vicomte, and monsieur presents his compliments and desires me to inform you, mademoiselle, that unless the coffee is better this morning than it was yesterday, the arrangement is at an end. Coffee ! it was not coffee



at all, but a broth of old shoes fit only for communists and criminals.'

" 'You are complimentary, young man,' I replied. 'Before answering you I would like to know whether I am speaking to Monsieur le Vicomte ?'

" 'Not at all ; you have the honour of addressing the valet of monsieur—Dagobert, named for one of the most ancient kings of France, the friend of the good St. Eloi.'

" 'Very well, most ancient Dagobert,' I said. 'Allow me to enquire, since you are the valet of Monsieur le Vicomte, why you do not make his coffee yourself ?'

" 'Because I have enough to do, *petite curieuse*, with brushing monsieur's clothing and blacking his boots, shaving him, curling his hair, waxing his moustache, and running his errands. Besides, it is doubtful whether even I could suit him. Look, that will not do, my pretty one ; you must not pour on the water until it is boiling.'

" 'If you will oblige me, Dagobert, by returning to your master's apartment, I will bring the coffee when it is ready,' I said, with as much dignity as I could muster. I knew that he had taken me for a maid-servant, and I was not as indignant with his familiarity as

I would otherwise have been. You see, I was dressed in a way to carry out the impression, with a long white apron and my sweeping-cap, like the one worn by the *belle chocolatière*. I chuckled to myself over the mistake which he had made. I had a good deal of difficulty with the coffee, and it was some time before I tapped at the vicomte's door. Dagobert flung it open angrily. He had a boot in one hand and a sponge dampened with French dressing in the other.

“ ‘ Well, you *have* taken your ease,’ he said. ‘ It is a thousand years that you have been about it. Take it? Do you not see that my hands are occupied? Have the goodness to set the tray on the table. Fear nothing; Monsieur le Vicomte is at his toilet in his dressing-room, and you can have this opportunity to look at his collection of fine old blue Holland china.’ And then he began to sing:

‘ Il pleut, il pleut bergère,  
Faites entrer vos moutons.’

“ ‘ I can see finer china at the museums,’ I replied, ‘ and I prefer to leave my *moutons* here on the door sill,’ and I scampered away, leaving Dagobert calling after me saucily and singing snatches from the old song.

“ Since then he has come for the coffee every morning, and generally manages to arrive before it is ready, and then he occupies the time with all sorts of badinage and fun. He is a very jolly, harmless little fellow, if he did ask me if I was *Irlandaise*, because I had red hair, and whether I intended to return to America with my mistress or expected to establish myself in France. He said Frenchmen made the best husbands in the world, and I would better content myself with someone in my own walk in life, like himself, for instance.”

“ Winifred DeWitt !” Adelaide exclaimed in stern reprobation, “ I think you let things go entirely too far.”

“ Oh ! he was not the least bit in earnest, for when I told him that I abhorred Frenchmen he only shrugged his shoulders and said the remark showed my ignorance. He is a *bon garçon*, though a vain little popinjay and rather given to big stories. He was whistling a tune the other day, and I remarked that it was the air to which the *École Polytechnique* always march up the avenue.

“ ‘ *Mais certainement*,’ he replied, ‘ it was there it became so ground into my head that I cannot by any possibility forget the ac-

cursed thing—I find myself humming and marching to it as I walk up the boulevards.

‘La la lala la la  
Toot y te toot y.

A graduate of the school can never forget it.’”

“That seems rather remarkable,” said Adelaide.

“Exactly, I asked Anatole the next day if he thought the vicomte’s valet ever attended the *École Polytechnique* and he exclaimed at the idea—‘Why, no one but the sons of the best families are admitted there. That fellow gives himself too many airs—Monsieur le Vicomte pets him too much, and he takes advantage of it. He has the audacity to treat me with condescension—*me*, an employé, a man of business, a concierge and agent, while he is only a body servant.’

“I could well imagine that this was true, for while Anatole’s position may be a shade higher, Dagobert has an indescribable air of good breeding, which comes doubtless from association with people of rank, but which poor Anatole could not assume if he were soaked in aristocracy for a hundred years.”

“Enough of Dagobert,” Adelaide exclaimed; “I am not interested in him; but tell me whatever you ascertain in regard to

the vicomte. What have you been doing, Tib, in the way of painting?"

"Only these," I replied; and I showed her the studies which I had made at the morgue.

"They are dreadful!" she exclaimed; "positively shocking! There is only one painter who could approve of them, and that is Laurens, '*peintre des morts*.'"

Winnie clapped her hands. "Good!" she exclaimed; "he is just the one whose approval we want."

"Very well, then; I hope he may see those dreadful things. I was at the Pantheon the other day, studying the mural decorations, and the two that struck me most forcibly were by Puvis de Chavannes and Laurens. The first represented the consecration of the little Saint Genevieve. It was very simple, very decorative, full of child-like faith, noble in conception and in treatment. It made me want him for a master, for I think no one else so well understands the art of architecture, and how best to fill a certain wall space with a composition which, while it is in harmony with its surroundings, is not really subordinated to them, but is as dignified as the building that contains it."

"How about Laurens' decoration?" I

asked. "Was it not as dignified as Puvis de Chavannes?"

"Yes; the subject itself, the death of Saint Genevieve, compelled serious attention; but it was rather a picture in itself than decorative art. You look into the sombre interior of a vast hall of some primitive architecture, possibly Merovingien, for Laurens is an authority on archæology. The house is crowded by an awe-struck concourse, who kneel by the bedside of the death-struck saint. The withered arms are raised by attendants in the attitude of blessing. You almost hold your breath with the waiting people while the soul passes."

"Laurens seems to enjoy painting the dead or dying," Winnie said. "His first picture at the Salon was the 'Death of Cato'; then came the 'Death of Tiberius'; and his masterpiece, which won him the Grand Medal of Honour, was the dead general, 'Marceau.' Don't you remember? He is lying in state in his uniform, grasping his sword; and his old enemies, the Austrian officers, are paying their tribute of respect, and saluting the body with such sincere admiration, almost grief, written in their faces."

"I think all his pictures that I remember

treat of death or of the sombre side of history," Adelaide remarked. "Do you remember his 'Francesca de Borgia Before the Body of Isabella of Portugal?' He is never overtragic, however. I have read somewhere that Laurens was an intellectual artist who knew how to produce dramatic effects, but who treated them with quiet conservatism. I wonder why it is that he so frequently chooses to make his principal figure a corpse?"

"Have you never heard the reason?" I asked. "When Laurens was a boy he was the apprentice of some strolling Italian fresco painters, who journeyed from village to village re-decorating churches. They reached a village inn one evening just as the wife of the innkeeper breathed her last. The landlord desired the chief workman to paint his wife's portrait, and he fell to work at once, obliging his apprentice to hold the lamp for him. All night long the boy stared horror-stricken by the face of the dead woman, and the fascination which this first view of death exerted upon him lasted all his life."

"Tib," said Winnie, "take these studies to Jean Paul Laurens: if he likes that sort of thing this is just the sort of thing he will like."

They are too delightfully hideous for anything."

"I think in spite of Winnie's joking," said Adelaide, "that you would better show them to him if you want his instruction."

"Winnie wasn't joking," Winnie asserted. "Far be it from her to trifle at such a serious time. To prove that I am in earnest, I'll go with you, Tib, and support you through the trying ordeal."

Thus spurred on and encouraged, I put my studies in a portfolio and set out the next morning with Winnie for Monsieur Laurens' studio.

We sent in our cards by a lynx-eyed old woman, who looked at us suspiciously, and evidently advised her master not to admit us. He cut her long story short with an imperious "Let them enter," and we stood in the presence of the great man.

Every bit of courage which I had possessed oozed away. I looked at him piteously, detecting nothing but refusal in his stern face. I was possessed with an agonized desire to be eloquent, to plead my cause in words which could not be refused, but they stuck in my throat. I could say nothing. I was on the point of fainting. I gave Winnie one be-



seeching look. She understood me and came bravely to the rescue, speaking as though for herself. At every pause Monsieur Laurens met her with discouragement and refusal, but Winnie was not to be refused.

No, he never taught women, he did not believe in their talent.

But he had not seen our work, he did not know how earnest we were, how determined.

It was the old story: devoted to art until the husband comes along.

Winnie flushed indignantly; monsieur did not know us; our entire lives were vowed to art. We despised the idea of marriage. This from an engaged girl seemed to me a little strong.

Then we might seek some of the artists who taught women; there were plenty of them.

No, there was no one in all Paris with whom we would consent to study. We had come all the way from America to study with him; surely he would not put us to that expense for nothing. He was in some sort bound to do something for us, to advise us, when his genius had awakened such hopes.

Monsieur Laurens had not asked us to be seated, indeed, during this conversation, which

was carried on chiefly by Winnie. He had been gradually edging us to the door.

He now seemed struck by Winnie's impertinence, and said impressively :

"You say that I am bound to give you counsel ; I do not see the obligation. No matter, I will give you the best advice. This art craze on your part is all a mistake ; give it up, go home, engage in domestic affairs ; you will be glad some day if you act upon my counsel.

"Thank you, monsieur," I said timidly, pulling Winnie by the dress to signify that I thought further entreaty useless.

"There, your companion is a good child, and you, too, will do as I tell you."

"Indeed I will not," Winnie replied defiantly. "If you will not teach us we will continue to blunder along in the dark ; but you do not know what pupils you have lost. All we ask, monsieur, is that you should visit our studio once in two weeks, once a month, and criticise our work, or else suffer us to bring it here."

"I see you have brought something, though I have not suffered you. Open your portfolio ; show me your masterpieces."

I did as I was bidden, and felt my knees

knock together as I observed his look of rage when he saw my studies.

"So you thought that I liked that sort of thing, did you? You thought it would flatter me if you made these atrocious studies in the Morgue; you thought this was my taste, that like the ghouls I revel in corpses. I tell you I am not flattered. I never paint death unless I have a great and solemn subject, some compelling reason, a grand event which calls to me to be depicted. If you have painted these atrocities because you thought that I liked this sort of thing, you have made a mistake. If you painted them because you really liked them yourself, then I am afraid of you."

Winnie was silenced; but one phrase which he had uttered restored my power of speech.

"Monsieur," I said, "I painted them for neither reason. I had no thought of your ever seeing them. The sights of the Morgue were most horrible to me. I can scarcely bear the sight of these studies, and I keep them turned to the wall in my studio."

"*Tiens!*" said Monsieur Laurens with surprise. "It was then the little one that did them. Whatever induced you to make these hideous studies, *ma petite?*"

"Because I had a compelling motive. There

is a subject for a picture which haunts me. Here it is," I said, unrolling my first pencil sketch, and I told Monsieur Laurens the story of the dead artist.

"Ah!" he replied, drawing a long breath. "That is the way a great conception seizes my own imagination. And you made these studies simply to help you with the figure of the dead artist?"

"Solely for that reason, monsieur."

"But you have posed your artist lying on his face, and these faces all stare upward."

"That is precisely the point on which I wished to consult you. Shall I change my composition, and paint my artist lying on his back with his eyes fixed on the pointed sword?"

"No, that would bring the face into too great prominence, and make your picture too realistic in its ghastliness. You have done right to place it in shadow. I will send you François, my best model for *les morts*. He is as thin as a skeleton; his skin is as yellow as parchment; his attitudes are rigid, lifeless. He will take that position admirably. Paint what you see, and when you have done your utmost send me word by François; I do not promise, but perhaps I will look in at your work."

We left the studio utterly dazed—a moment

before I had been in the depths of despair, now there was a gleam of hope, and I trod on air. Winnie, on the contrary, was furious.

"I would better have stayed at home," she said. "He took a violent antipathy to me, and so long as he thought I made the studies would have nothing to do with us. It was not until he knew that the 'little one' painted them that he tolerated them at all."

"He did not tolerate them even after that, it was only the sketch for the composition that he cared for; and Winnie, you were of great use in opening the campaign, for I was in such a state from nervousness that I would have run away without showing him a thing. I shall owe it entirely to you, dear Winnie, if I have any success with the great *peintre des morts*."

## CHAPTER IV.

### IMPRESSIONISM.

"NE CREDE  
COLORI."



On our return to the studio we found Adelaide there.

She had prepared luncheon for us, and we fell upon it hungrily, telling her between mouthfuls of our experiences. She was much interested, and agreed that I had scored a real victory.

"If I could only induce Puvis de Chavannes to teach me, I would consider myself the luckiest girl in Paris," she said.

"Why don't you try?" I asked.

"It's of no use so long as I stay with the Rosevelts. When I break off all relations with them, and come over here to live with you, I will ask him ; but I don't want to do it until I am ready to work seriously."

"What did you find to do this morning?" I asked.

"I made a sketch in the courtyard of the Cluny palace. I wanted a study of that fireplace in the room that leads into the chamber of the Dame Blanche, but two other artists had set up their easels before it, and there was no chance for me."

"There is a beautiful stone fireplace in the lower story of this building," Winnie remarked. "It is in the great hall, in which the *propriétaire* stores his wine casks. I discovered it the other day. I think by a small bribe we can get Anatole to clear a space for you to paint in."

Adelaide was delighted with the idea, and after luncheon we trooped down to the porter's lodge and persuaded Anatole to arrange matters. The chimneypiece was a noble one, and Adelaide opened her colour box with great alacrity and was soon absorbed in her work. I sat with her, for I could not persuade myself to do anything until the arrival of the new model. The room was not well lighted, and there were shadowy corners in which one might imagine lurking forms. A smell of wine pervaded the air, and I leaned against a brown hogshead whose surface was mottled

with fungus and cobwebs. Suddenly the window that opened on the court was darkened.

"What is that?" Adelaide exclaimed in apprehension, and we both distinctly saw a man's face peering in upon us. It disappeared instantly, and I sprang to the window and saw the old vicomte moving briskly away.

"It was Monsieur du Pèlerin," I said. "He evidently saw us come in here, and was moved by curiosity to ascertain what we are about."

"Has he gone into the house?" Adelaide asked.

"No; he is tying up the rose bushes. He amuses himself with gardening. I used to think that the wine merchant, our landlord, must be a man of sensibility since he kept the garden in such good order, but I have ascertained that Monsieur le Vicomte reserved it for himself. He evidently wanted the place to bear externally the same appearance that it did in its better days, and was afraid the wine merchant would make the court a yard for carts and lumber. I think, too, that he is really fond of flowers, for it is never Dagobert, but the vicomte himself, who clips the



box borders and sweeps up the fallen leaves, and makes little bouquets of the autumn flowers. I never see him doing anything but gardening or playing solitaire."

"I wish he would speak to us," Adelaide said, and presently she had her wish. There was a shuffling step behind us, and the old man entered and gazed at us in silence.

Adelaide rose and explained what she was doing. "If monsieur has any objections——" she added.

"Not at all," he replied in French, with a courtly wave of his hand. "It is a compliment to the house. Do not forget to put in the cockle shells," he continued, after examining the sketch. "It is the insignia of the house, and dates back to the time of St. Louis. The first du Pèlerin and his son were Crusaders. The countess waited for their return in their château in Touraine, but enemies sacked the castle and burned it, all but one tower, from which the lady threw herself and perished, and they buried her at its foot. When her pilgrim husband returned he shut himself up in this tower and became a recluse, and never left it until they buried him beside his lady. But the son lived to revenge his wrongs and to found a family."

"Did he rebuild the château?" Adelaide asked.

"Yes, it was destroyed during the Revolution, and the du Pèlerins have made good their name—they are exiles and pilgrims, with no spot which they can call their own, while *canaille* like this wine merchant fill their hall with casks and subject the last heir to insults." He turned away and ambled into the garden, where he tramped up and down the paths for some moments while his anger cooled. When we came out he presented Adelaide with a bouquet of dahlias.

"Deign, mademoiselle," he said, rather pompously, "to accept this tribute to your delicate appreciation of the reverses of a noble house."

"He interests me immensely," Adelaide said as she went away. "I think I should have guessed that he belonged to the nobility had I not known it. He has the indescribable grand air."

When the afternoon was half over, a carriage drove up to the gate and Milly tripped across the garden. I called to her and she joined us in the old hall.

"Dear Adelaide," she cried, throwing her arms around her friend, "you must come back,

you really must. Mrs. Van Silver will be deeply offended if you do not. She has sent me to invite Winnie, too, and you must help me to induce her to come. Mamma says it is really very important that she should do so, for Mrs. Van Silver disapproved very much of Winnie's coming here to live in this Bohemian way, and it is really a great concession on her part for her to include her in the Chantilly coaching party, after what happened. And mamma says, now that Mrs. Van Silver has actually extended the olive branch, Winnie ought to accept it, or there may be hard feeling between them which she will regret all her life."

"There is something in that," Adelaide replied thoughtfully. "Winnie ought to treat her prospective mother-in-law politely, even if she is not fond of her. Where is Winnie?"

"She went out after luncheon," I replied, "to see the impressionistic pictures at the Champ de Mars."

"Too bad, can you wait for her?"

"No," replied Milly, "I have some purchases to make at Bon Marché, and mamma made me promise not to be late as she wanted the carriage to go to a dinner at the Russian Minister's.

"If I go I ought to get some new gloves," Adelaide remarked.

"Come right along and we will buy them at the Bon Marché."

"Very well; then, Tib, you must persuade Winnie to follow us. Tell her that I only went because I want her to do so. Tell her to wear that lovely velvet dress with the Valois sleeves, and give me a sample of it and I will get her a parasol to match it."

"I don't believe you would better be too sure about Winnie," I said. "I may not be able to persuade her to go."

"Oh, you must!" Milly replied. "Tell her that mamma has sent Françoise home, so that she can have her room over night, the little one opening out of the dressing-room, and she must come in time to dine with me, for mamma will be away, and she can have her place at table, and it's too nice for anything (but that you need not tell her unless you like) she is to have the Count de la Tour for her escort."

"I thought he was to be mine," Adelaide replied, with some surprise.

"Oh, you will be provided for; when Mrs. Van Silver decided to invite Winnie she

changed things around and asked another man for you."

Milly made great eyes at me from over Adelaide's shoulder as she said this, but Adelaide could not see the grimace, and merely replied :

"Mrs. Van Silver need not trouble herself to introduce counts and marquises to me. Wherever I go they bob up in my path. What do you think of that bouquet, for example ?"

"I think it is particularly hideous."

"All the same, it was presented to me by a vicomte, whose patent of nobility goes back to St. Louis. Tib and Winnie have been living in the same house with him for nearly a month, and he has never even bowed to them, but the first day that I appear he offers me flowers, and tells me confidentially all the family history. You need not despise those dahlias either, for the dark yellow dwarf ones will exactly match the facings of my jacket. I shall wear them on the trip, for, on reflection, this change of escort tips the scale in favor of my going. I don't want it said that I ran after any man—more especially a man with a title."

"Your escort that is to be can't accuse you

of that," Milly remarked sententiously, but Adelaide did not hear her, for she had gathered up her painting materials and was crossing the court. Milly waited until she had entered our side of the house, and then darted to my side.

"O Tib," she said, "its too good to be true! Guess who is to be her escort? No, you never can. Yes, it is—it is—Professor Waite. I knew he was in Paris somewhere, and I've been making inquiries of everyone I met, but without the least bit of success; and lo and behold! I ran against him by chance in the Louvre this morning. It wasn't exactly by chance, either; for, when I was in the gallery two weeks ago, I stopped to look at that lovely portrait of Madame Le Brun, which he told us once that he admired so much, and there was a girl copying it. I asked her how long it would take her to finish her picture, and she said only a few days if she could only work consecutively; but the trouble was that a Mr. Waite had inscribed his name for Tuesdays and Thursdays, and she could only copy it on the other days. That was enough for me. I found the guardian, and left my card for Professor Waite, thinking that of course he would call on me

on our afternoon ; but he never came. Then I determined to go to the gallery on some Tuesday, and this morning was the first chance that I had. Mamma had said that I could not go because Françoise could not go with me ; but, as good luck would have it, Mrs. Van Silver dropped in on her way to the Palais Royal, and took me with her. On the way I confided in her. I told her how Professor Waite had fallen in love with Adelaide at Madame's, and how Adelaide would none of him ; but that I believed she was sorry now. Mrs. Van Silver was ever so interested, and she said, ' Let us stroll through the galleries, and you may introduce him to me ; I would like to see what manner of man he is.' I saw him the moment we entered the room ; and, what is more, he saw me, though he pretended that he did not, and turned his back to us and painted away for dear life. I pointed him out to Mrs. Van Silver, and she gave a little start. ' Why, I know him,' she said ; ' he is a talented young man of good family. His father was Judge Waite of Albany.' And then she went up and spoke to him, and he had to recognise me, though he did not seem to care to do so, and hardly said a word, except in answer to Mrs. Van Silver. Finally she in-

vited him to go to Chantilly to-morrow, and he thanked her, but declared that it was utterly impossible, he had a positive engagement; and Mrs. Van Silver smiled very sweetly, and said she was so sorry, as she had arranged for him to escort Miss Adelaide Armstrong. You should have seen him turn every colour on his palette; but he did not say one word until just as we were leaving, when he took out a little note-book, and said that he had made a mistake, his appointment was for Thursday, not for Wednesday. And, Tib, I saw the page very distinctly, and there was something set down under Wednesday. Mrs. Van Silver saw through him, too, for her eyes twinkled; but all she said was, 'Then we will consider it an engagement.' O Tib, suppose it is—suppose it really does become an engagement? As that old Adirondack guide-book said, 'To contemplate this scene strikes one dumb with ecstasy, it is too supremely effulgent with glorious beauty to seem otherwise than a delightful but a delusive dream.'"

"I fear that is all it will be," I replied, "Adelaide seems quite fascinated by titles; and if she would not appreciate Professor Waite's worth when she had every opportunity



of knowing him intimately at the school, I fear he has less of a chance now."

But little Milly smiled and nodded, with all the knowingness of an experienced match-maker, and carried Adelaide off a little later in great triumph.

"Be sure to make Winnie come," was Adelaide's last word as the carriage door banged, but I felt doubtful, and Winnie on her arrival was more intractable than I had feared. She came in late in a state of intense excitement, and catching me by the shoulders backed me up toward the great studio.

"Tib," she said, "look in my eyes, do you see anything peculiar about them?"

"They are very nice eyes," I replied, "but just now there is a little more exaltation in them than usual, a little more of the stony stare of inspiration than I quite like."

"I don't wonder, Tib; I've just undergone an operation for cataract."

"What *do* you mean?"

"The scales have fallen from my eyes. Whereas I was blind, I now see. Tib, I understand impressionism."

"Oh!" I exclaimed, "that explains the lunny look to which I referred."

"You needn't make fun of me. You can't

understand it because you can't see. I suppose shadows really do look brown to you. I used to love the colourists of the Rousseau school, but now I see that his colour was *not* true to out of doors. He was afraid of blue, he was afraid of green,—his harmonies were artificial; the colours of the studio are not of *plein air*. Corot painted dawn and twilight because he could not stand the truth of midday, dazzling, scintillating, prismatic light."

"Winnie," I said, "you are insane. You've had a sunstroke or something. Let me put some cracked ice on your head."

She waved me away with a gesture of disgust. "You poor, blind thing," she said, "you poor, blind thing."

"Why, Winnie," I insisted, "what has come over you? You used to abhor those purple atrocities as much as I do."

"No, I never abhorred them. I said that they were incomprehensible, but now I comprehend. I was studying those pictures of Monet and his school this afternoon. I sat before them for an hour. I would go up close and try to understand the technique, and then sit down at a little distance and try to comprehend the artist's point of view; but it looked like a snarl of different coloured yarns to me.

I could make nothing of it. Suddenly a man said to me : 'Mademoiselle is too near, these pictures are not flowers to be smelled of. If mademoiselle will retire to the other side of the gallery the picture will come into focus.' I could not help obeying him ; and, as I lost sight of the scratchiness and patchiness of the method, the lines and blotches of pure colour placed side by side seemed to overlap and mingle, and the scene became startlingly real. I put up my hand involuntarily to shut out the view.

" 'Ah !' the man said, 'you have an impression of sunlight, the picture dazzles you. That was what I intended when I painted it.'

" 'Then you are Monsieur Monet,' I exclaimed ; 'I am so glad, for perhaps you will explain to me what I have never understood. Why do you always paint your shadows violet ? and why do you prefer dabs of pure colour to tints blended on the palette.'

" 'Just because I see shadows blue,' he replied. 'Look, mademoiselle, what colour is the sky ?'

" 'Blue, deep blue.'

" 'Good, and shadows are not lighted directly by the sun but by reflection from this same

blue sky. Have you never seen the sea take the colour of the sky ?'

" 'Yes, and shadows on snow look blue to me.'

" 'Good, shadows on snow are more evidently blue because there is no local colour blended with them ; but all shadows must partake of this same blueness though the local colour may affect it. When you go out into the sunshine observe anew. And now for your second question. When is colour so intense, so splendid, so pure, as when under the bright palpitating sunlight ? Every colour is essentially itself, crude, positive ; the scene before you is dappled all over with scintillating, variegated, spotty colours, but after all the gamut is very simple. The colours are reduced to their primary number, but they are very self assertive. They do not blend and mingle in a hundred harmonious tints. You lose the modelling given by the play of the brush, you lose elaboration, modelling, but instead of gray skies and dull interiors you have a suggestion of open daylight. Is it not so ?'

" 'I don't know,' I replied, 'I must go out doors and see.' He bowed respectfully and did not offer to go with me. I ran down to the open esplanade and looked away to the

white buildings on the other side. The sun was in my eyes, and the shadows of the houses stretched toward me. Tib, it was as though I had taken a mental somersault; the shadows were deep violet, the white houses were blue. It was a revelation, and I was converted to impressionism. I ran back to tell Monsieur Monet, but he was gone."

I saw that in Winnie's present mood of exaltation, it would be of no use to suggest the coaching trip to Chantilly; but time was slipping away, and unless she started immediately she would be too late to dine with Milly. Accordingly I was just pulling myself together mentally to make my plea, when we were startled by a knock at the studio door, followed by the immediate apparition of Cynthia Vaughn. She wore one of her set, cast iron smiles, and bowed in a jerky impersonal manner—the sort of salutation which might be supposed to be directed to either, both, or neither of us, as we were disposed to take it.

"So this is where you have hidden yourselves away," she said; "I had the greatest time finding you. I had to drive through the most dreadful streets. I shouldn't think you'd ever have a caller. I don't see how you stand the ostracism; but then you always were such dear

funny Bohemian things. I suppose you've done loads of things. Do show me some of your masterpieces. What's that?" (pointing to the study in the Morgue dimly visible in the twilight); "A bit of still life, isn't it?"

Winnie laughed dismally. "Yes, very still," she replied, and Cynthia meandered calmly on.

"Going to send anything to the Volney? or to the Rosicrucians? No? I suppose then you are holding back for the Salon; but you ought to have kept on at Julian's if you wanted to be admitted there. Merit has no chance, you know, it all goes by favour. What a queer, funny place you have. How many more rooms have you? You must invite me to stay and dine with you, for I am as ravenous as a wolf. You have no idea what a row was made about your coming over here. I stood up for you. You won't believe it, but indeed I did. I told Mrs. Van Silver that I had no doubt you would have some married companion with you, and that Tib was long-headed and clever enough to paddle her own canoe. I said that you were quite used to that sort of thing, that people were quite scandalized with your studio life in New York, said you gave suppers to young men, and all

sorts of disagreeable things about you, but I didn't believe one word of it. I said one only had to look at Tib's face to have a contradiction for such a report. It is such a protection to have a forbidding appearance, and not to be too young, or pretty, or giddy, and stylish looking. I can't imagine anyone making love to Tib. And I said a good thing for you, too, Winnie. I said you couldn't help flirting, it was your second nature, but that you didn't mean a bit of harm; that you were awfully soft-hearted, and that the men were always falling in love with you and you couldn't bear to give anyone pain, and so engaged yourself right and left to them to get rid of them."

I had kept perfectly silent during this uninterrupted flow of chatter, and it was Winnie who at last replied.

"I must say you were very kind. I wonder Mrs. Van Silver did not rush at once with open arms to embrace us."

"She did. That is, she has allowed me to come and invite you to make one in a coaching party to-morrow for Chantilly. It is your last chance, Winnie, for a share in her good graces, and I advise you to swallow your pride and accept. I flatter myself that what I said did influence her. You need not feel

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delicate about accepting a favour from me, even if you haven't treated me remarkably well. I bear no malice."

Winnie had been in a happy mood, but Cynthia's remarks had all been calculated to irritate her, and they had their effect.

"Tell Mrs. Van Silver——" she began.

"One moment, Winnie——" I interrupted, and I gave her Milly's invitation.

"Why didn't they invite you, Tib?" Winnie asked indignantly.

"Mrs. Van Silver does not know me very well," I replied, "and has possibly forgotten my existence."

"Then why did not Milly remind her?"

"Perhaps because there was no room; in any case, as long as I do not feel myself slighted I do not see why you should care."

"But I do. I think it was very pointed, and I shall not go."

It was in vain that I argued, besought, threatened gloomy results if she refused. Winnie was firm. The only concession that I could gain was that she would not put her refusal on the ground of the slight to me. She wanted to work. She was in the mood for it now, and could not think of giving up an entire day to pleasure.



"So this is your answer?" Cynthia asked, rising to take leave with ill-concealed delight. "I presume you are right, after all. I can conceive that Mrs. Van Silver's airs of patronage might be very galling to a girl of your independence of character."

A little thrill of compunction shot through Winnie's heart. "Thank Mrs. Van Silver very earnestly for me," she said.

"Oh, yes! Trust me for doing the polite. *Mille choses*, as the French say when they mean nothing at all," and Cynthia rustled out of the room. I ran after her and asked her to stay and share our little dinner.

"Thanks, awfully," she replied, "but I am keeping Mrs. Van Silver's carriage waiting. She expects me to bring Winnie back with me to dine with her and spend the night with Milly, so as to be ready for the early start tomorrow."

"But you did not say so!" I exclaimed.

"Where was the need, when Winnie had the invitation from Milly herself?"

"Yes, but she did not know that Mrs. Van Silver had sent her carriage for her or was expecting her to dine."

"If I thought it would make any difference I would go upstairs again and tell her. Here

is a note Mrs. Van Silver wrote, which she can answer at her leisure. It is so late I don't believe I would better wait for it now. Do tell me who is that young man."

It was Dagobert, who passed quickly across the court with averted face, taking pains, as I thought, not to see us. I told her that he was the valet of the Vicomte du Pèlerin, and explained how we had come to know him.

"How very amusing!" Cynthia commented. "So he is only a valet. I am sure I have seen him in society, posing as something more. Good-bye, dear! I'm afraid Mrs. Van Silver will never forgive Winnie, but I am sure that I have done all that could be expected of me."

"If you would only wait and take back her answer to this note," I said.

"I'm convinced it wouldn't make a speck of difference, and it is time I was there now." Cynthia banged the carriage door and did not hear my parting request to do the best for Winnie that she possibly could.

I mounted the stairs with rather dismal forebodings, and gave Winnie the note. It was sealed, but Winnie was certain from its appearance that it had been opened. Winnie was in a melting mood and she threw her-

self on the divan and drew me close to her while she read :

“MY DEAR CHILD :

“We miss you sadly. Will you not spare a day from your beloved art for the sake of an old lady who loves you and who is waiting for you very impatiently?

“I would come myself to fetch you, but I have a twinge of rheumatism, possibly gout, and I want to be in good form for the trip to-morrow. I shall wait dinner for you, and we are to have your favourite lobster à la Newburgh. I have a batch of letters from Van overflowing with you to read you—and I want you to bring yours and give me such crumbs as you are willing to let fall from your table. We must love each other, dear Winnie, for his sake who loves us both and whom we both love.

“Your (almost)

“MOTHER.”

Winnie sprang up. “I will go!” she exclaimed.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE WITCH LADYE.



HEN mortals rest,  
When the owl leaves  
her nest,  
And the earth lies still,  
And the moon's on the  
hill,

Wakes the Witch  
Ladye.

Then comes a hush,  
Then a sudden rush  
Of things in the air  
That have left their lair  
With the Witch  
Ladye.

In a cloud bedight,  
Thro' realms of light  
And valleys of gloom,  
On her flying broom  
Sails the Witch  
Ladye.

ARTHUR TOMSON.

"But you can't go at this hour, Winnie," I replied, "it is quite dark."

"Anatole will get me a cab."

"Mrs. Van Silver would be horrified at the idea of your going out at night alone in a cab."

"No matter; it's the only way, and I must

go. After such a letter as that, it would be wicked to refuse."

"I will go with you. I shall not mind coming back alone."

"No, I will not permit it. I am not the least bit afraid; nothing can happen." And Winnie darted downstairs in search of Anatole. For a wonder, the concierge was not in the office, but Dagobert was there, evidently waiting for him.

"Can I do anything for you, mademoiselle?" he asked respectfully. Winnie explained her need.

"I have just taken the vicomte's new trap around to the stable. I will take you, with pleasure, mademoiselle," he said.

"Are you sure the vicomte will not need your services, and will be willing you should use his carriage in this way?"

Dagobert smiled in an inscrutable manner. "The vicomte never objects to anything I do," he said.

"Nevertheless, I insist that you ask him."

"Mademoiselle need not disquiet herself. I will do so."

Winnie flew upstairs and threw a few articles into a hand-bag. I accompanied her to the door. Dagobert sat on the box of a very

jaunty little turnout, and Winnie mounted gaily to his side. She waved her hand merrily to me, and they rolled out of the courtyard.

Winnie told me afterward that she had never enjoyed a ride more. Down the dark Rue de l'Université to the Rue des Saints Pères, the street of the Holy Fathers, and over the long bridge of the same name. Here a beautiful moonlight effect burst upon them. The full moon was rising like a great silver balloon from behind the dark tower of Saint Jacques. It silvered the scudding clouds and the quiet lake-like river, and was reflected from the great dome of Notre Dame, while a bright star twinkled like a lantern on the extreme point of the *flèche* of the Sainte Chapelle.

"How beautiful, how wonderfully beautiful!" Winnie exclaimed. "The iron work of the Pont des Arts looks like a delicate black lace scarf thrown across the river against the heavy stone arches of the Pont Neuf behind it; and the Island of the Cité resembles the prow of a huge ship making down upon us in the shadows. I have never seen the city lying so quiet, as though it was listening, looking,—forgetting its own busy interests in the wonder of the night."

"Zola expresses the same idea in regard to this particular view," Dagobert said. "He speaks of the resemblance of the Cité to the prow of an ancient ship, and of the two spires of Notre Dame and the Sainte Chapelle, so delicate and fine that they seem to shiver in the breeze, the masts of this ship of ages which is plunging on into the light."

"So you have read Zola, Dagobert," said Winnie; "it seems to me that you have been remarkably well educated for a man in your position in life."

"Not more so than mademoiselle. I should never imagine that you were a simple servant."

"And I am not; I owe it to myself, Dagobert, not to keep up this joke any longer. I am an American girl of good family, an art student like my companion. We keep no maid, and when you took me for one I let the illusion go on for a jest, but it is time it stopped."

Dagobert did not look surprised, but simply very serious. "You let me know this, I imagine, that I may understand the difference between our two positions and commit no indiscretions, is it not so?"

"I have no desire to treat you either with condescension or arrogance; and I cannot im-

agine you or anybody else being indiscreet, as you say, with me."

Something in the tone in which this was said, rather than the words themselves, made Dagobert think that he had already made a mistake in speaking as he had done. This young American girl puzzled him. She was so frank and free, and yet as stately, and in certain ways as inapproachable, as a duchess. It was a type of womanhood with which he was unfamiliar, and he was filled with bewilderment as well as admiration.

Winnie, too, felt vaguely that Dagobert's cultivation of mind, his manners, and a certain quickness of comprehension and innate courtesy were incompatible with his position as a common valet, but she had hardly time to reflect, for Dagobert was talking earnestly.

"You are so different from any young lady I have ever known," he said. "It must be that the Americans are altogether a different species from our French girls."

"I am afraid that is not complimentary, Dagobert."

"A Frenchman never means to be uncomplimentary, mademoiselle."

"Then how am I different? Naturally you



must think your Frenchwomen the best and the most charming in the world."

"Some of them are the best, some of them the most charming; but you unite those qualities. There is my cousin Angèle; she is rightly named; she is a saint on earth. There never was anyone better, more capable of devotion, more altogether admirable; but then, Angèle is at times a little wearisome. I would like her better if she were capable of what you English call mischief. She could do nothing unconventional, nothing that was not eminently respectable, and to pass a summer with her at my mother's home in the country is not to fill one's evenings with scenes of wild amusement, you comprehend; and yet she is an angel of goodness to my mother, to whose whims she is a slave. I am grateful, but I fear I do not show it. We have also charming and amusing women in France. There is little Lili of the Opéra Comique. She is even more fascinating off the stage than upon it. But then, one could not trust Lili while one lit a cigarette. You, mademoiselle, command the same respect which I lay at the feet of my cousin Angèle, and the admiration which a man feels, in spite of his judgment, for the charming Lili."

"I thank you for the first part of your comparison," said Winnie. "I would like to know your cousin Angèle. I don't believe she is so dull as she appears to you. Have you ever tried to wake her up?"

"My faith, no! She hypnotizes me, on the contrary, and puts me quite to sleep. I do nothing but yawn when we are together."

"That is a complimentary and engaging way to treat a young lady; and yet I believe you like her."

"I would like her more if she had a little fortune, ever so little; but she will have absolutely no *dot*. We were betrothed when we were children, but her father invested her money in the Panama stock, and there it is; or rather, there it is not. Angèle wrote me a letter that quite broke my heart, saying that she knew that things could not be as they had been planned, and she left me quite free. On reading it I resolved to write her that it made no difference, I would marry her in any event; but, fortunately, I waited until the next morning, and her letter is still unanswered."

"So, even a valet in France demands a dowry with his wife. We are not so mercenary in America. There, we marry for love alone. I take back what I said; you evidently

do not care at all for Angèle, or you would consider her a fortune in herself."

"She is—she is, mademoiselle. I am desolated, but what can I do? I have not enough for two."

"Is there nothing that she can do? Your Frenchwomen have better heads for business than your men. Look at Madame Rondel, who keeps the butcher shop; and the Mademoiselle Lili, of whom you spoke, earns her living by dancing."

"Angèle a ballet dancer or a butcher! Oh, mademoiselle, you do not know of what you are talking."

Winnie did not reply for a moment more, and they were passing from out the shadow of the Louvre across the gay, brilliantly lighted Place de la Concorde. The fountains were plashing, thousands of lights flashing, crowds of people were moving about, a band was playing—it was Paris in all her splendour.

"There is no city like it in all the world!" Dagobert exclaimed, as they turned into the Champs Elysées and were drawn into that double stream "studded with the fleeting waves of carriages, which the reflection of a paper or the gleam from the glass of a lamp seemed to whiten into foam."

Their very horses caught the exhilaration, and did not need the touch of the whip to quicken their pace.

Winnie felt the fascination of the scene, which Amédee Gratiot describes so well: "Look! everything is flying, fleeing, and buzzing. Here are the light calèches with four horses, manes floating, nostrils dilated; calèches with women so rosy and white that one would call them fragrant baskets of flowers. Here are the tilburys, with their sharebrokers perched on double cushions; they love to fall from a good height, your sharebrokers! Here are English horses, French horses, Arab horses—all proud, all prancing, all with heads held high, a rosette at the ear and a fool on the back." Rows of electric lights reflected in flashing panels decorated with armorial bearings and lighting up the faces of beautiful women who reclined in their luxurious victorias, draped in light opera cloaks, their laps filled with exquisite flowers.

There was a sudden stoppage, and they found themselves opposite an open carriage in which two ladies were lounging. Winnie had not realized that she was a conspicuous little figure, perched on that high seat, with

her masses of red hair floating from under her great black Gainsborough hat. Nor did she notice that suddenly one of the ladies seized the arm of her companion and pointed straight at Winnie. The other lady lifted her gold-mounted lorgnette and stared. It was Mrs. Van Silver and Cynthia, and they had recognized Winnie, who was just then talking animatedly with Dagobert and did not see her two friends. Dagobert, however, had a vivid impression of the look of horror imprinted on the face of the elderly lady and that of malicious triumph on Cynthia's.

He lashed his horse and the animal sprang forward, nearly jerking Winnie from her seat, but it was too late—the mischief had been done.

Mrs. Van Silver's house was very near. Winnie was not surprised to learn from the servant that his mistress had gone to the theatre and had left no message for her. "After what I told Cynthia she had no reason to expect me," Winnie argued; and she left her card, writing upon it "Sorry to have reached you too late. Could not resist your note. I am at Milly's." Dagobert was very silent for the remainder of the drive. He had pulled the collar of his driving coat high up

above his ears, and seemed to have retired into it. He, too, had noticed Mrs. Van Silver's look and it had awakened uneasy cogitations in his mind. Was it possible that the lady had recognized him as well as Winnie? He was thankful that Winnie sat between them, and trusted that her great hat had eclipsed his countenance, which strangely enough was very well known to Mrs. Van Silver.

Adelaide and Milly had given Winnie up, and dined, but they were delighted to see her, and they made chocolate and toast for her in their room. They chatted late together and fell asleep to dream of the delightful excursion of the morrow. Françoise awakened them early the next morning. She brought in a note which had been left by Mrs. Van Silver's footman, late the night before. It was for Winnie, and ran as follows :

MY DEAR MISS DEWITT :

I regret that, as you write, you are "too late." I accepted the message which you sent by Miss Vaughn as final and had filled your place for the drive.

With regret,

E. VAN SILVER.

The girls stared at each other in blank amazement. "Well, I *must* say," exclaimed

Milly, but she did not finish the sentence. "How very peculiar," Adelaide mused, and Mrs. Roseveldt asked to see the note. "Such brusquerie is unlike Mrs. Van Silver," she remarked on reading it.

"It certainly is very different in tone from the note of invitation she sent by Cynthia."

"What did you write her?" Milly asked.

"Nothing. I told Cynthia to tell her that I thanked her heartily, but I was too busy to spare the day. You see, this was before I had read her note, but it was so kind that I changed my mind and came right over."

"Depend upon it," said Adelaide, "that it is all Cynthia's doings. I will find her out to-day and circumvent her."

"But meantime," Milly exclaimed dolorously, "Winnie can't go. My throat is really quite sore; she must go in my place."

"No, dear," Winnie replied, energetically combing her hair, "I am not going where I am not wanted. When Mrs. Van Silver's coach stops at your door I shall be at work making *impressions* in the Luxembourg Garden."

And Winnie stayed not on the manner of her going, but hastily went. I was preparing

the coffee, for which Dagobert was waiting when she opened the door of the little kitchen.

"Why, Winnie," I asked; "what is the matter?"

"Don't know."

"Aren't you going to Chantilly?"

"It appears not," and she showed me Mrs. Van Silver's ungracious letter.

"Cool, isn't it?" Winnie remarked, watching its effect upon me.

"Cool! It's absolutely glacial. I wonder the coffee boils in the same room. This is undoubtedly Cynthia's work."

"So they say. What *can* she have said?"

"A thousand pardons;" it was Dagobert who interrupted; "but if mademoiselle will permit me to take my coffee. I am much pressed for time to-day, as I am going out of town."

He was off in haste, and a few minutes later we heard him clattering down the staircase.

"Now, what has started him off like shot from a hot shovel?" I asked. "He did not seem to be in any hurry before you arrived."

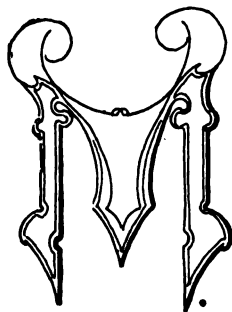
"He is queer," Winnie replied. "Cynthia is queer, Mrs. Van Silver is queer, and it's a queer world altogether; so don't let us trouble our heads about it, but go to work."



There was little but work in the week that followed. Winnie devoted herself to green and blue mysteries. She banished black from her palette and became deeply imbued with purple. It seemed to me as if she had put on spectacles of violet glass. She plastered the walls of our studio with hastily made sketches in the most rampant style of the impressionists. Her conversation became wild and incomprehensible. I told her plainly that I could not understand impressionism, and had no desire to do so. She looked at me pityingly and made no reply. My model had come from Monsieur Laurens, and I worked steadily at my great picture. It was very difficult, and I painted the figure in and scraped it out several times. I was in despair a dozen times, but I kept at it, and I was not altogether miserable. If Monsieur Laurens would only come and give me some suggestions !

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE TRIP TO CHANTILLY.



RS. VAN SILVER found that the crossing of Winnie's name from her list necessitated the rearrangement of her coaching party, and brought several awkward complications in its train.

It was really Captain Golding-Gosling's party, or still more strictly speaking their joint affair; for while the captain, who was the younger son of an English nobleman, furnished his coach and footed the expense, he had asked Mrs. Van Silver to invite the guests.

She had originally assigned Count de la

Tour to Winnie, but now set him down as Adelaide's escort. As Professor Waite had been invited for Adelaide, Mrs. Van Silver felt it necessary to transfer him to Milly, whom in the first plan she had reserved as the companion of Captain Gosling. This pre-eminence was now accorded to Cynthia, who made a very stylish appearance in a red jacket cut *à l'Anglaise*. The departure was delayed for nearly an hour by the tardiness of the count, who finally arrived quite out of breath, gasping his apologies, which were hardly listened to by the vexed hostess. Cynthia gave a little start when he was presented, and not unnaturally, for this count (?) was no other than Dagobert, the valet, whom she had noticed as she left our studio.

He sat just behind Captain Gosling, and Adelaide noticed the stealthy, oblique glances which Cynthia constantly shot in their direction. "What mischief is she meditating now, I wonder," was Adelaide's mental query; but she speedily forgot the impression in the excitement and dash of the start and afterward in the entertaining conversation of the count. For there was no denying it, the young man was entertaining. As Balzac has so well written, "Grace, folly, wit, and debt are still

the heritage of the young Frenchmen of our days; there is always the same amiable frivolity of character, the same ease of manner, the same love of luxury and adornment of which our predecessors were accused. I recognize the worthy sons of the men who, according to the saying of a great king, 'wore on their backs their farms and their timber trees.'"

Mrs. Van Silver had admitted to Adelaide that she presumed the count had worn out his forests, and that the produce of his vines would hardly pay his stable-expenses; but Mrs. Van Silver had no doubts as to the authenticity of his title. She had met him during a previous season at Nice, where he had the reputation of being a very correct young man. He did not gamble, and, though the fast set said this was because he was too poor, Mrs. Van Silver gave him credit for an unusual amount of principle.

In Parisian society she had seen nothing of him until a short time previous to this excursion, when he had called upon her and had been invited to make one in this coaching party. She had met him since driving a smart turnout in the Bois, and had recognized both the equipage and its owner and

Winnie, on that fatal evening in the Champs Elysées.

Mrs. Van Silver was deeply wounded by what she regarded as Winnie's imprudence and effrontery, and she had not failed to write her son a detailed account of the event from her point of view. This letter, while it could not destroy his love for Winnie, or even his absolute faith in her, was sure to trouble him and to make further trouble.

Mrs. Van Silver had been interested in Milly's story of Professor Waite's attachment for Adelaide; but now, as she noticed how pleased the count seemed with this queenly girl, she felt that it would be a boon to her son and to Winnie if the too fascinating foreigner would transfer his attentions for a time to Adelaide, and she manœuvred so as to give the count every opportunity.

Poor Professor Waite, who had come hoping to have Adelaide quite to himself, was in torture. He imagined that his feelings had been designedly outraged and played upon. She sat just in front of him, every light breeze wafted her veil across his face, he touched her draperies, he heard her speech, he watched her changing colour and beautiful expressive eyes. Once she met his hungry stare with a frank

smile, but the greater part of the way she seemed oblivious of his presence and chatted and listened only to the count. Milly tried her best to interest Professor Waite, but he did not listen or reply to her remarks. He was furious with her. In a blind unreasoning way he held her to account for his disappointment. She had promised that he should meet Adelaide, and he had been betrayed into dancing attendance upon Milly. He thought she had managed this result, and he hated her for it; he would not show her the least politeness. Poor Milly felt his rudeness, and the tears came to her eyes. She forgave him, knowing his love for Adelaide, and tried to explain to him how the change in escorts had come about. But he glared at her incredulously, and the poor child succumbed into grief. Meantime the gay chat continued in the seat in front of them. Sometimes they spoke of those whom they met or passed on the road. It was a beautiful day and all Paris seemed to be on its way to see the races. Mark Twain might have described this very scene when he wrote: "There were thousands upon thousands of vehicles abroad, and the scene was full of life and gaiety. There were very common hacks, with father, mother, and all the child-

ren in them ; conspicuous little open carriages, with celebrated ladies of doubtful reputation in them ; there were dukes and duchesses abroad, with gorgeous footmen perched behind, and equally gorgeous outriders perched on each of the six horses ; there were blue and silver, and green and gold, and pink and black, and all sorts and descriptions of startling liveries out."

The count was recognized by some of these, and told Adelaide racy stories of many of them ; and Adelaide, with her aristocratic tendencies, was plainly interested in his chat. Mrs. Van Silver noticed this with complacency, and Professor Waite with rage.

Arrived at Chantilly they drove directly to the racecourse ; but here it transpired that none of the party were sporting characters, or cared to visit the great establishments for the training of race horses. They looked on at one of the races for a short time, but the ladies tired of the crowd, and they decided to leave the track and drive through the gardens of the chateau, which were laid out by Le Nôtre in the same style as the gardens of Versailles, which he afterward designed. The count professed to be acquainted with the banished Duc d'Aumale, and he certainly knew

the steward in charge at the chateau, and gained admission to the state rooms, which are not open to the general public. They were even allowed to picnic in one of the cottages of the tiny "hamlet," near a pretty lake.

They had intended to return to Paris that night, but Captain Gosling, who found Cynthia entertaining, was enjoying the excursion so keenly that he persuaded Mrs. Van Silver to extend it to Compiègne, where they could spend the night, and return the next day by way of the fortress of Pierrefonds.

She accordingly telegraphed to Mrs. Roosevelt and to her own maid, and the gay little party continued on its way. They reached Compiègne just as the sunset was flaming from its windows, and the tall belfry of the Hôtel de Ville was silhouetted like a pointing finger against the rosy sky. The monument erected to Joan of Arc reminded them that it was here that she was taken prisoner by the Burgundians. It was too late to visit the museum or the palace, so after dining at the hotel they contented themselves with a little walk through the town.

The long day spent in the open air had induced yawning behind their fans early in the evening, and they all retired at an un-



usually early hour ; but, for the first time in many months, Adelaide and Milly wakened in time to see the sun rise, and determined upon a walk before breakfast. It did not seem best to disturb Mrs. Van Silver, so, inquiring the way to the park, they slipped out of the hôtel and walked briskly to the park, only to find the gates closed, and to be informed that visitors were not admitted until after ten in the morning. They were turning disappointedly away when they noticed a gentleman strolling within ; another glance told them that it was the count, and that he had recognized them. He walked rapidly toward them, and at a word from him the guardian opened the gates.

"I see you make use of the golden key which opens all locks," Adelaide remarked gaily.

"Not at all," the count replied, "the guardian knows me ; I used to be a visitor here with my mother. I was only a child then, but I reminded the man of a popgun which he made me, and he remembered the audacious way in which I poached on the royal preserves—shooting peas at the deer and pheasants, and my rage on finding that the missiles were not deadly."





"Do you remember the Empress Eugenie?" Milly asked.

The count bowed respectfully "The Prince Imperial was my dear friend," he said. He seemed lost for a little time in sad reveries, then roused himself and led them to the terrace in front of the garden façade of the palace—here six hundred feet in length. From this terrace they could look down a long avenue stretching for miles into the great forest, which spreads over an area of nearly forty thousand acres. They walked a little way under the long iron trellis made by Napoleon I. for Marie Louise in imitation of her favourite trellis at Schönbrunn. While standing there he looked vainly for some late violets, the imperial flower, to wear in memory of Eugenie. Just then the guardian came running to them to say that he had spoken to another official and they might pass out through the palace if they liked. There was no time to examine the seven hundred canvases in the picture gallery, and they could only glance at the Sevres porcelain, the statues by Canova, the bric-a-brac and the furniture dating from the reigns of Louis XIV. and Louis XV.: as it was, Mrs. Van Silver had waited breakfast for them, and protested that she had begun to fear that they

were lost. Professor Waite looked more frowning than ever. Cynthia, on hearing Adelaide's account of the count's recognition by the domestics of the palace and the favours granted him by them, was at first a little puzzled. Suddenly it all became clear to her. As the valet of the Vicomte du Pèlerin he had of course travelled with his master, and was on terms of intimacy with the servants of noble houses who would doubtless be in league with him to further his plans.

She was more than ever assured that this was the man whom she had seen on leaving our house, though he did not recognize her.

Consequently he must be an impostor. It would have been the easiest thing in the world, and the most natural for anyone but Cynthia, to have communicated her suspicions to Mrs. Van Silver, who would immediately have ascertained their truth or falsity. But Cynthia's mode of procedure was always indirect. It pleased her to think that aristocratic Adelaide was being deceived. "Let it go on," she said to herself. "It will be rare sport to see her chagrin when she finds that this fine gentleman whose attentions have so flattered her is only a valet."

Cynthia noticed Professor Waite's displeas-

ure, which, indeed, he was at no pains to conceal, and thought: "What wouldn't he give to know what I know." She determined to allow Professor Waite to understand that she was in the possession of a secret in regard to the count, and profit by his desire to learn it to make him dance attendance upon her in some public place where Adelaide would see them and be pained; for she had seen what had escaped the blinded professor, that in spite of the count's efforts to entertain, Adelaide from time to time shot little glances of inquiry toward her jealous admirer.

So they bowled on toward Pierrefonds, the professor solacing his angry heart with the thought that, once arrived at the castle, he would compel this upstart count to resign his position; for surely there was no one in the party better fitted than himself to explain the restorations which Viollet le Duc had effected in this old feudal fortress. He had recently visited the palace of the Trocadero, and had examined the drawings which are displayed here, made by Viollet le Duc himself, of these very restorations; and he had been an insatiable reader of the great architect's voluminous writings; and he bided his time, anxious to take his revenge by showing Adelaide how far

superior his own culture was to that of this titled popinjay. To his consternation, it was just here that the count shone with greatest lustre. They climbed the rocky height together. Adelaide was delighted with the distant view of the eight huge towers. The moat, the portcullis, the massive donjon keep, the delicate Gothic chapel in the court, all filled her with delight. Now was Professor Waite's opportunity.

"You have read Viollet le Duc's '*Histoire d'une Fortresse*?' " he volunteered to Adelaide. "It is a description of this very castle, with the changes which it has undergone."

"Oh! pardon, monsieur, but no," the count exclaimed. "I have heard Monsieur Viollet le Duc, who often dined with my father, say that that fortress was entirely an imaginary one, merely an excuse to explain the different modes of fortification in successive ages."

"You knew Viollet le Duc personally?" Adelaide asked, much interested.

"But certainly. He was colonel of engineers during the late wars. Every measure which he devised for our defence was successful; but he was not above learning even from our enemies. Before the Prussians went away they carefully destroyed every vestige of their

works of investment, that we might not know their system of military engineering. But our colonel of engineers was too bright for them. In the armistice of two days he visited each one of their outposts, surveyed and made maps of all their forts and earthworks. It was a great *tour de force*, for it had to be done mentally to escape their observation, and then committed to paper while the impression was accurate. I remember that he brought the drawings to our house before his atlas was published, and that I pushed between my father's knees and studied them. They made a great impression upon me. After that I drew maps of batteries over everything. It developed my taste for military engineering, the only department in which I did myself credit at the École Polytechnique, and where I had the honor to gain some prizes."

Cynthia heard him with astonishment. "What colossal effrontery," she thought; and, when she had an opportunity she whispered in Professor Waite's ear: "Examine the records of the École Polytechnique and see whether what he says is true."

Professor Waite looked mystified. "You think he did not take those prizes?" he asked.

"Find out whether there is any such name



on the roll of graduates," Cynthia added with a significant look.

"You think he is an impostor?"

"I will tell you what I think sometime when I have made a few more observations," Cynthia replied in an under tone. "Meantime help me, and we will put two and two together by and by."

Through the remainder of the day, both Cynthia and Professor Waite listened and watched narrowly, without, however, being able to detect the count in any slips which would have established Cynthia's theory.

The count explained Vauban's system of fortification—scarp and counterscarp, bastions, curtains, Tenaille, ravelins, covert way and glacis, and showed the difference between Vauban's and the system now in use so clearly and unhesitatingly that his detractors were obliged to admit that he appeared to have studied the subject exhaustively.

"It does not seem as if the future could develop anything more perfect in the way of defensive warfare," was Adelaide's comment.

"The future system will be entirely different," the count replied. "In my hours of idleness I have amused myself by giving a great deal of attention to that very matter. It was

Viollet le Duc's opinion that the permanent fortress had been carried to perfection, but that fortresses were a very inadequate way of protecting the frontier. They are necessarily known to the enemy, who has had every opportunity to inform himself of their position and strength. The attacking army has, therefore, to avoid them by entering the country from another direction."

"Then the only way to meet the invaders must be to keep an immense army stationed in the field."

"Exactly—but not spread out along the entire line of the frontier. That would be quite impossible. The idea which I have developed is that of temporary movable fortifications, to be set up at a moment's notice in the enemy's path, on the latest advices of his advance, so as to defeat with unforeseen resistance an entrance for troops or supplies which was supposed to be entirely unguarded. This would throw all plans and combinations studied and formed beforehand at headquarters into complete uncertainty. A siege would no longer resemble a game of chess. Prince Bismarck could not calculate on the pieces in his way, the castles, knights, and bishops, whose position and means of attack had been

hitherto so perfectly known to him that he could plan his own gambit with certain precision from first move to checkmate! Instead of this, the pieces would be bobbing up unexpectedly wherever he directed his attack. Providence grant that we may have another invasion of the German barbarians, and that my system be employed!"

"Have you presented it to the ministry?"

"No. I have not entirely developed my movable fortifications, and it would take a great deal of time to gain governmental attention to my method."

"But is time an object to you? I thought you were a man of leisure."

"It is precisely because I am a man of leisure that I am so busy," he replied. "While I was amusing myself with my inventions, my discoveries, I retired from society and buried myself in our old family hotel in the Faubourg St. Germain that I might be undisturbed; but now that I have come out of my chrysalis, my time is taken up by my friends, and one cannot be churlish."

"So this is the way you have passed your time, while all Paris is wondering where you were," said Mrs. Van Silver. "I fancied you had left the country."

"I might as well have emigrated. The left side of the Seine is an unknown region to Americans of fashion."

"I think the old Faubourg St. Germain is the most interesting part of Paris," said Adelaide.

"My mother is coming back from Touraine shortly," said the count, "and after she arrives I trust that Mrs. Van Silver and mademoiselle will do us the honor to visit our ancient house."

Cynthia sat bolt upright, petrified with astonishment. "Now how is he going to manage that, I wonder," she said to herself.

"I would like to meet your mother," Adelaide said. "I have never met a lady of rank of the old *régime*. Have you brothers and sisters?"

"No, only Angèle, my cousin. You would like Angèle, and she——" No, the count could not say it, Angèle would not like Adelaide.

They were inside the donjon now, entering the castellan's apartments, and for a time all personal topics were dropped and the visitors interested themselves in examining the old chimneypiece and the frescoes representing the knights of the round table. Passing

through the court they admired the bronze statue by Fremiet of the founder of the castle, Louis of Orleans, brother of Charles VI., and then visited the grand hall in the building which had once served as the barracks of the castle. Here were statues of Turpin, Roland, Oliver, Charlemagne, and other heroes of mediæval times, while the double chimney-piece was decorated with corresponding statues of heroines.

"How I wish I had time to make a study of that fireplace," Adelaide said. "I am making quite a collection of water colours of interesting old chimneypieces. I am going to sketch those at the Hotel Cluny."

"We have a fine old one in our salon," said the count. If he had described it, or if Adelaide had told of the one she had copied while visiting us, there might have been a clearing up of the mystery then and there; but, as it so often happens in real life, the very thin ice held because no one happened to step upon it.

As they drove back to Paris, someone mentioned that the old town of Beauvais with its imposing cathedral was almost in sight.

"We must reserve it for another excursion," said Mrs. Van Silver, and Adelaide, who realized that their outing was nearly over, turned

desperately to Professor Waite and asked if he was an authority on French cathedrals, and would tell her the characteristics of Beauvais.

"Count de la Tour has shown himself so willing to impart his knowledge in regard to fortifications," Professor Waite replied sarcastically, "that he would doubtless enjoy giving you the information you ask."

Adelaide felt herself snubbed, the colour mounted proudly to her cheek, and she took no further notice of the professor during the trip. At one point a change was made in the seating, and the professor asked her contritely if he might be her escort, but Captain Gosling came forward at the same moment and Adelaide allowed him to hand her to a seat on the box. Cynthia came toward him smiling and gathered the desperate man under her wing, while Mrs. Van Silver invited the count to sit between Milly and herself.

"You have enjoyed the trip, count?" Mrs. Van Silver asked, as they approached Paris in the moonlight.

"Immensely," he replied, with enthusiasm. "Mademoiselle Armstrong is most intelligent, most superior."

"She is more than that," Milly interrupted. "She is charming."

"But certainly, all American ladies are charming, and those that I have known are so elevating they keep a man to his best ; it is an education to know them."

"If you would like to have more of that sort of education, you must come to my Wednesdays. Miss Armstrong has promised to pour tea for me."

"Yes!" and then both Cynthia and the professor, as well as his more immediate hearers, were electrified by the count's inquiry, made in the most matter-of-fact way.

"Mademoiselle Adelaide is, as you say, very charming. Is she also rich? What dowry will she have?"

Mrs. Van Silver laughed in an embarrassed way, the count's *sang froid* was too much even for her, woman of the world though she was.

"I had no idea that you were so deeply interested in my young friend," she said.

"I have perhaps committed an indiscretion ; if so, pardon me, I do not know your American customs," said the count.

Mrs. Van Silver had recovered herself. "I don't know what Mr. Armstrong will give his daughter when she marries," she said, "but it will doubtless be something very handsome,

for he is devoted to her, and has but one other child. He is a railroad magnate, and several times a millionaire."

"Of francs or of dollars?"

"In dollars."

"Ah!"



## CHAPTER VII.

### "OTHELLO" AND "DESDEMONA."



**D**URING the days that followed we saw little of Dagobert, and he entered still less into our thoughts. We lived a serious life, absorbed in our work. The model whom Monsieur Laurens had sent me came and posed for my dead artist, and my picture progressed. On one memorable day there was a tap at our studio door, and Monsieur Laurens himself entered, reviewed all our work, and gave me many helpful suggestions, though he told me plainly that the subject was too ambitious for my present powers.

"Take a simpler position for your next

study," he said. "Be content to make only studies, not pictures, and you will progress more rapidly. Bring me your work on Sunday afternoons and I will criticise it."

On Sunday mornings we were in the habit of hearing Père Hyacinthe preach in his queer hall, which at other times had served as a hot-house for the dissemination of communistic principles.

Winnie had a letter to Madame Hyacinthe Loyson, the motherly, sweet-faced American wife of this great preacher. They lived on the other side of Paris, too far for us to attend their receptions regularly, but Madame Loyson had manifested a very friendly interest in us, and the meeting place of the little Reformed Catholic congregation was so near that we usually walked to the service.

We felt our hearts stormed by Père Hyacinthe's eloquence, and could not help contrasting his present meagre congregation with the multitude that swarmed to hear him when he was the popular preacher of the cathedral of Notre Dame. Then he held all Paris in the hollow of his hand, but when he broke away from Rome there were few of his old admirers who had the courage to follow him in the face of excommunication. And yet

the religion which he preached seemed so reasonable, so broad and adapted to earnest, thoughtful souls of our modern day, it was incomprehensible to us that all Paris did not embrace it.

Following the ritual in the little prayer book, we prayed each Sunday for the Pope of Rome, the Patriarch of the Greek Church, and the Archbishop of Canterbury. In this way, as Père Hyacinthe explained, through the heads of the three great divisions of Christians we recognized the brotherhood of all Christians.

For Sabbath evenings we had another and a delightful privilege in attending the meetings held by the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Newell at the Art Student's Club.

A word in explanation of this club, which was a great boon in our lives, as it is to so many homeless, lonely American girls studying art under difficulties in the great city.

The club was founded for the help of just such girls by Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, while her husband was American Minister at Paris. A suitable building was obtained in the Latin quarter, where students most do congregate. A few studios and living rooms were rented to students, and several large and pleasant

rooms opening into each other were reserved for the general use of the club. Here the American magazines and papers are always to be obtained; here are a piano and a tea table, presided over by motherly Mrs. Newell, who can always be consulted by the girls on any point of perplexity. One can always drop in to write a letter, to meet a friend, and social reunions are held when girl students without mothers or chaperones, and no rooms in which they can entertain company, can receive their gentlemen friends in a manner perfectly *comme il faut*, even to French prejudice.

Every Sunday evening they meet to sing the dear familiar hymns—"Jesus, Lover of my soul," "Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear," "Abide with me," and many another. Nothing so touched our hearts, or kept the home ties close and tender, like these Sunday evenings. They made me very homesick, however; and, returning from them, I longed for my mother with a great hungry longing that would not be satisfied.

Our letters were a great comfort—mother's to me and Winnie's from her father and Van. That young gentleman had been greatly disturbed by his mother's account of Winnie's drive with the count, but he had hesitated to

write to Winnie asking for an explanation, and as Winnie did not think it best to complain of what she considered his mother's undeserved slight, this little smouldering fire remained concealed, but ready to burst out into sudden flame. He was deep in his medical studies, or he would have set out at once for Paris ; but he determined to do so as soon as the school closed for the summer, and he wished that he had decided to study at the Parisian École de Médecine instead of in New York.

Meantime, except for one haunting care, Winnie and I were happy. The little cloud on our horizon was the fact that we had been using our meagre finances in an alarming fashion. It cost more than we had anticipated to live even on the *rive gauche*. We had tried to economize, but our money had taken to itself wings. My picture was finished, or at least had progressed as far as I could carry it. I hardly knew what to take in hand next. I would gladly have engaged a model and have worked for improvement solely, but I felt that I must earn something before I could give myself up to the luxury of art for art's sake. Winnie had made some very pretty designs for fans, and had

taken them without success to nearly all the shops on the Rue de Rivoli. I was thinking of offering my masterpiece, as Winnie called it, for sale in some of the picture stores, but this seemed a pity, as I wished to reserve it for the Salon. Yes, I had progressed so far in ambition and presumption that I intended to offer it in the spring for the great exhibition. I had not told Monsieur Laurens of this decision on the one occasion when he visited our studio, for I felt instinctively that he would not consider it good enough, though he encouraged as well as criticised; but it would be such a piece of good fortune for me if only by any chance it were taken, a triumph which would assist me in making my way when I returned to America, and Winnie had urged me to make the attempt. Between the present time and the date for submitting pictures there was still a long month. If only someone would appear to have his portrait painted—and the someone came.

There was a timid tap at the studio door, a scuffle of light foot falls, a gentle scolding and a doggish whine, and I opened the door to see a young girl attended by three poodles, one small and white, and two great black ones fantastically clipped.

"Pardon," said the girl, "but do you paint portraits?"

"Sometimes," I replied doubtfully.

"And are you very exorbitant in your charges?"

"Not so much so as the more celebrated artists."

"That is what I said," the girl responded cheerfully. "I told my father, who is one of the servants in this house, those two demoiselles who have a studio which you say no one ever visits, they cannot have so many orders, they will have plenty of time and they will be reasonable."

"What is it you wish me to do?" I asked, not greatly flattered.

"Naturally to paint our dogs in their best rôles, to decorate the front of our little theatre, and give the passers-by some idea of their great talent."

"But I do not paint dogs, ordinarily."

"Certainly, but these are not ordinary dogs, but artists of great merit. Have you ever seen them perform a drama? No? It is regrettable, but the loss can still be repaired. Here are two tickets. We play all the afternoon and every evening at seven at our tent theatre facing the Place d'Italie."

As she chatted I had been watching the dogs rather apprehensively, for they trotted about the studio, snuffed at my palette disapprovingly, and explored all the hidden recesses behind the screens and under the divan. They did no mischief, however, and when their mistress exclaimed, "Hollo! we will act a fragment of a play for mademoiselle. Attention, *compagnie artistique dramatique*." Each dog presented himself before her, assuming attitudes quivering with expectancy.

"*Voyon*, what shall we play?" Her eye fell on the divan, and pointing to it she exclaimed: "*Otello et Desdemone!*" at the same time she threw her handkerchief to the tiny white dog, who sidled across the room on her hind legs, waving the handkerchief in her little paws and finally dropping it.

"*Iago, polisson*, where are you?" exclaimed the young girl. And the smaller of the two black poodles darted forward, seized the handkerchief, tossing it into the air in an ecstasy of delight. Without waiting to be prompted the larger black dog, who represented *Othello*, rushed upon *Iago*, shook him, snatched away the handkerchief, growled horribly and lay down, worrying the handkerchief



and snarling. *Iago* approached, barked rapidly, *Othello* rose growling, and *Iago* fled.

Then *Desdemona's* death scene was performed; the poor little white poodle being very nearly smothered by the realistic acting of *Othello*, who seized one of my sofa cushions in his mouth and pressed it upon *Desdemona* with his shaggy black paws, the little actress kicking convulsively all the time.

I laughed until the tears came, which did not quite please my visitor, who assured me that usually the audience shed tears without any preliminary laughter. She apologized for the want of costume, saying that the scene was much more impressive when the actors wore their stage finery. After this the poodles were made to perform several remarkable feats, such as dancing, walking, and standing on their hind legs for a long time. I saw that they would make excellent models, for they had been admirably trained to keep difficult positions, and I felt that this was really a good opportunity for me to draw dogs, perhaps a better chance than I would ever have again. We therefore came to terms quite readily. The price which Mademoiselle Zizi Pinson offered for the canvas, which was to extend along the front of the tent, was not a large one, and it was the

first time that I had agreed to paint by the yard; but it was very acceptable coming at this time of need, and Mademoiselle Zizi promised that I should make all the preliminary sketches I wished of these and the other animals which comprised the troop.

Winnie laughed at the arrangement, but conceded that at least it was a cheap way of obtaining models, and she became greatly interested in my four-footed friends, especially in little pink nosed, pink eyed Desdemona, whom she petted and spoiled and pampered with lumps of sugar and bon-bons.

Winnie was very fond of animals for their own sake, but had never tried to paint them, but now she filled an entire sketch-book with piquant little drawings. She called it her Book of Idle Moments, and undervalued its worth, because the sketches were made with so much ease and enjoyment. In looking over it I was struck with the fact that she gained more of the expression and character of the dogs in a few lines than I could put in my more laboured studies. We worked together in this way for several months with keen enjoyment. We were earning our modest expenses, we were busy and happy. During this interval Milly and Adelaide visited us, and

told us of the trip to Chantilly. Milly was delighted with the dogs, and wished that we had thought to paint her beloved pug in America. Both girls had found congenial work and were so busy that they did not come to us often. Adelaide was copying Viollet le Duc's wonderful architectural drawings at the Trocadero. The Exposition des Arts de la Femme was open, a most interesting display of decorative and industrial art, of everything in all countries and ages which had served to make lovely women lovelier. Costumes, fans, jewels, coiffures, laces, tapestries, embroideries, fabrics, and pictures and statuary representing these accessories.

Milly found employment in haunting this exhibition, sketch-book in hand—and when she showed me the result of her observation I could but approve. Milly's love for beautiful dress was finding a legitimate field of activity.

"I am specially interested in the department of historic costume," she explained, "but I have not tried to make a note of everything, or even to take an example from each age so as to have a complete record chronologically. I have simply copied all the costumes of past ages which I think might be adopted at the

present day, and which strike me as artistic and becoming to my particular style."

"You don't intend to have gowns made for yourself like all of these designs, do you?" Winnie asked, counting over two hundred sketches more or less complete.

"Hardly," Milly replied, "but I am going to consider this my permanent fashion magazine. Whenever I want a new gown I am going to consult this instead of adopting the vagaries of the prevailing mode."

"I know what has started you in this direction," I said, "it is that admirable book by Mrs. Steele and Mrs. Adams, 'Beauty of Form and Grace of Vesture,' and I don't wonder, for it is intensely fascinating as well as sensible. They have attacked the problem from the right standpoint. As long as girls are told that they are only killing themselves by wearing fashionable clothing they will not care; but when they are assured that they are making themselves ridiculous, and even hideous, they will revolt at once."

Winnie looked up from the sketch-book. "Well, I must say you have a wide range," she remarked. "Here are sketches from the paintings of Titian, Rubens, Van Dyck, Gainsborough, David, and Madame le Brun. Here

are designs copied from the peasant costumes of Roumania, Herzegovina, Dalmatia, Bohemia, Moravia, different parts of Switzerland, Russia, Hungary, and Italy. There is a Russian corsage, green velvet embroidered in gold—and here from the Caucasus is a cloak which would only do for the opera—cloth of gold brocaded with delicate pink flowers.”

“If you want to see the richest stuffs,” said Milly, “turn to the Japanese robes. It was quite impossible to represent the sheen of the silks and the sumptuousness of their embroidery in plain water color. I think the most artistic costume of all is the *Style de l'Empire*, the renaissance of the old classical types that Josephine affected; though there is something indescribably coquettish in the dress which Madame Pompadour loved to wear and Watteau to paint. Here are some Huguenot dresses that are quaint and sweet, and there is an early German sleeve, that is just the thing for a thin arm. I am tremendously interested in it.”

“Yes, I see,” said Winnie absently. She was scribbling away on a scrap of paper, and we knew that an idea had struck her, so we let her alone for a few moments, and she presently read us the following :

BALLAD OF ARTISTIC DRESS AND YE ARTFUL  
MAYDE.

"There once was a dear girl called Milly,  
As fair and as sweet as a lily;  
When she took up a fad  
'Twas the best to be had,  
Not anything common or silly.

"And, like the young women from Vassar,  
In modern ideas none surpass her.  
Is it artistic dress?  
Well, rather, I guess,  
While the popular modes all harass her.

"It's no use disputing with Milly;  
You may say 'It's a little bit chilly,'  
And feign to abhor  
Her gown *directoire*,  
But it's sweet as a daffydowndilly.

"Can such singular styles be successes?  
The answer I give to your guess is,  
*Mais certainement oui*,  
For her gown Japanee  
Is the queen and the flower of all dresses.

"And her friends who are homely and bony,  
She drapes till they're stately and 'tony';  
And their beaux she deceives  
With her puffed Valoire sleeves;  
Aint I glad she's my friend and my crony!"

"Dear me," interrupted Adelaide, "this is  
getting too sadly dreadful."

"Isn't it?" replied Winnie, "and the worst  
of it is that, even with the help of slang, I can-  
not keep to the classical measure. But I

must mention your favourite college cap which you insisted on wearing in the studio at home, though you were not even an undergraduate, but simply because it made you feel learned. Oh, yes !

“ And her plaits *à Watteau*  
Are so fetching you know.  
And her mortar-board hat,  
*À la Portia*. How’s that ?  
’Tis a style mediæval she’s certain,  
And if at Bryn Mawr  
It has raised a furore,  
Then why not at Vassar and Girton ?

“ She has frivolous gowns,  
Which she wears in the towns—  
Gowns McVickar and Gibson, you see.  
One would say at a glance  
Just the thing for a dance,  
Or to flirt at an afternoon tea.

“ But for music and art,  
The deep things of the heart,  
She’s a nocturne in silver and black,  
And a ‘greenery, yallery,  
Grosvenor gallery’  
Robe—pre-Raphaelite in the back !”

“O Winnie, you are such a case,” Milly protested; but Winnie flounced gaily out of the room to prepare some tea, Adelaide following her, and Milly sidled close to me for a confidential chat.

“I’m awfully unhappy, Tib,” she said.

"Everything is wrong, and I can't straighten things out. I am sure that Adelaide likes Professor Waite, but he doesn't come near us, and that insufferable little count comes all the time. Adelaide doesn't care for *him*; but you know what sort of a girl she is. There is no use denying it; there is a glamour about a title. I'm at my wit's end, for I am afraid she is going to make herself unhappy for life. I am going to give Professor Waite one more chance to come forward like a man. Mamma is going to let me give a Japanese german on my birthday. I shall beg, borrow, and hire all the Japanese decorations I can lay hands on for madame's parlor, and I am going to ask the girls to come in costume. Then I shall provide a lot of chintz gowns for the men to slip on over their dress suits. The material is cheap and the colours gorgeous, white storks on dark blue grounds, or blue ones on white, giving the appearance of antique ginger jars, black or red, printed with gold, and every colour you can think of. They shall have voluminous cheese-cloth sashes in which to thrust paper fans. It will be delightful. Of course, you and Winnie must come. The favours will be Japanese toys, and we will have a beautiful time."



"I don't see what this has to do with Professor Waite," I remarked.

"Why, I am going to invite him, and I shall steal one of Adelaide's cards, and slip into the invitation. . And if he does not come this time I shall never invite him again, never!"

"He will go," I said. "Wild horses couldn't keep him away. So comfort your dear sympathetic heart; everything will end like the story books."

"I am not so sure; and, Tib, this is not the only thing that troubles me. I cannot understand why Winnie is out of Mrs. Van Silver's books. I wish I could effect a reconciliation there. I wish Winnie would make some advance on her side."

"I don't think it's of any use to expect her to do it, Milly, after the cool way in which Mrs. Van Silver dismissed her after inviting her for the Chantilly excursion."

"I know it, and I don't blame her one bit; but Mrs. Van Silver was terribly put out. She said it was highly improper and unladylike in Winnie to allow herself to be driven over in a tilbury, as she seemed to think, by some young gentleman acquaintance. I explained that the old vicomte lent his vehicle and it was his

servant Dagobert who drove. Mrs. Van Silver asked fifty questions, if I was sure of this, how I knew the servant's name, whether I had ever seen him, and I don't know what. I told her the whole story, that I had never seen Dagobert, but how kind he had been to you and Winnie, and that he didn't seem like an ordinary servant at all. Mrs. Van Silver did not approve in the least of Winnie's driving with Dagobert, which seemed to me very unreasonable, for she allows her coachman to take us girls anywhere in her coupé."

Milly paused, apparently for lack of breath, but in reality because she did not quite dare to say that Mrs. Van Silver had expressly charged her to tell Winnie that if she valued the good opinion of her friends she must never speak to Dagobert again. Milly felt instinctively that Winnie would resent Mrs. Van Silver's presuming to regulate her conduct, but she might have confided in me. What Milly did not know at the time was that Mrs. Van Silver did not believe that Dagobert was a servant. Cynthia had remarked to Mrs. Van Silver that it was very funny that the Count de La Tour was a friend of Winnie's, that he lived in the same house with her, and that she was sufficiently intimate with him to drive alone with

him in the evening, and that all the time she had never mentioned his name to her most intimate friends.

Mrs. Van Silver also thought it very odd, and asked Cynthia if she had ever seen the count when she was visiting Winnie. "Yes, indeed," Cynthia replied, "and Winnie seemed very much interested in him. She says she makes his coffee every morning. I believe they must be engaged."

"That is enough," Mrs. Van Silver had replied, shutting Cynthia up none too soon. The girl felt that she owed Mrs. Van Silver a grudge for this sharpness. "Very well, my lady," she said to herself, "I happen to know something more about your pretended count than you do, but since you have told me to shut my mouth I will keep it to myself. Time enough to explode the little bomb when I have had fun enough out of you and Adelaide."

When Milly, a little later, striving to find out what Winnie had done to offend, had had her talk with Mrs. Van Silver and had explained our position, that lady, positive as to the legitimacy of the count's pretensions, was sure that Winnie also knew his true rank, and that in pretending to her friends that he was

a servant of the house, she was covering up an intimacy which could only lead to harm. Of course, at this time Winnie and Milly and I knew nothing of Cynthia's machinations, or of Mrs. Van Silver's interpretation of our conduct, or even that the count and Dagobert were one and the same person.

The clouds were thickening over the head of a young girl who was as innocent as ignorant. Unfortunately, innocence and ignorance do not in this world shield from the bitter effects of imprudence. Milly concluded her confidences with a long sigh. "After all, it doesn't matter very much if Mrs. Van Silver doesn't like Winnie now. She is sure to be won over by and bye, when she knows her better, if only she does not prejudice her son against Winnie. Does he write regularly? Is all right between them?"

"Yes, indeed," I replied; "he is most devoted, writes letters sixteen pages long, and complains because Winnie doesn't respond in like measure."

"I'm so glad," Milly murmured, "because he looks as if he could be wildly jealous—a regular *Othello*."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE ADVENTURES OF A DRESS SUIT.



**I** NOTICED after the girls left us that Winnie seemed very much pre-occupied. She donned her hat as though about to take a walk, apparently changed her mind, and seating herself at the table began to scribble for dear life, making lists of names, crossing them out, and rewriting.

Anything that troubled Winnie was certain very soon to come to the surface. "Tib," said she, "Adelaide thinks we ought to give a reception, a tea, or something in the social way."

"I do not see that we are in a position to do anything of the kind," I replied. "Haven't

we forsworn the world with all its pomps and vanities? Has ever a man, other than Monsieur Laurens, my model, and Anatole, ever crossed the threshold of this studio? Dago-bert's visits in the kitchen can hardly be classed as society calls. Whom could we invite other than Mrs. Roseveldt, Milly, and Adelaide?"

"Loads of people," Winnie replied encouragingly. "You have named three, then there's Mrs. Van Silver and Cynthia [I thought this very forgiving in Winnie], and Professor Waite, and Mr. and Mrs. Newell, and Père Hyacinthe and Mrs. Loyson; and Monsieur Laurens, and our neighbour the old Vicomte du Pèlerin, and a lot of those art students we used to know at Julian's. Mrs. Roseveldt would receive with us, and invite some of her acquaintances that we met when we were at the pension; and Adelaide says there is a Count de la Tour who was with them on their Cathedral trip who would come."

"How would they all enjoy coming away over here to climb our slippery, winding stairs merely to find this bare little room?"

"It *is* rather bare," Winnie replied ruefully, glancing about as though the idea had never struck her before, "but Tib, dear, the tapestry mender on the floor below has a beau-

tiful piece of tapestry which she is putting in order for a sale at the Hotel Drouot. I am sure she would lend it to me, for a consideration, just for the afternoon. We could hang it on that wall. And our sketches nearly cover this one. Milly will bring us over some rugs and cushions and lamps with fancy shades, and Mrs. Van Silver might send us some flowers for her son's sake—he would if he were here. I mean to pour tea in that corner."

"We have just three cups and saucers of the coarsest ware," I replied sarcastically.

Winnie reflected a moment. "Yes, I will do it," she said.

"What?" I asked.

"I am not going to tell. You would be sure to disapprove and argue me out of it." And Winnie closed her lips perversely and danced about the room giving little touches to various articles. Suddenly she paused, "Your Salon picture must have the place of honour on the big easel. You must order a handsome frame for it directly."

I groaned, "Can't afford it."

"But it must be framed to go to the Salon."

"I know it, but I don't see how I can man-

age it. I shall have nothing left for a trip to the country in the summer."

"Perhaps the picture will sell at the Salon."

"It has not been accepted yet, and even if it were, and sold, I could not receive the money until the picture was delivered to the owner at the close of the exhibition, which does not take place until the latter part of June; and you want to give up this studio and go to Giverny on the 1st of May."

"Something will turn up," Winnie replied cheerfully; "but meantime the picture must be framed, and I advise you to go at once and order something nice. Don't scrimp. A picture depends as much on its frame as a girl on her gown."

"Which reminds me. What shall we wear? And are you going to Milly's Japanese party?" and I explained Milly's scheme.

"It would be delightful, and I think I can rig up costumes for us both out of that pair of Japanese portières which Mère Cousin, at the old bric-à-brac shop, wanted me to buy the other day. They were very gorgeous, only a bit old and frayed, but my soul lusted for them the moment that I saw them in her window. 'Only *quarante francs, chérie,*' she



said to me in the most tempting manner possible, 'only a beggarly *vingt* francs apiece; and they were the throne draperies of the Emperor of Japan.' Of course I knew she was lying, but they were beautiful all the same. I will buy them now, and, as Milly's party comes after ours, we will use them as portières at our reception first, and they will always be nice to have. Eight dollars is no price at all, so here goes. I hope they are not sold."

Winnie hurried away, and I saw her a moment later in the garden below talking with Dagobert, who was shrugging his shoulders and spreading his hands deprecatingly. We had not seen much of Dagobert of late. There were two weeks when he had been away; and I was rather glad of it, for he seemed to me likely to forget the difference in our stations, and to presume from Winnie's kindness that she had also forgotten it.

Winnie returned in half an hour, followed by a boy bearing her trophy. The portières were indeed very handsome, but they had the effect to make everything else in the studio look mean and cheap.

"How elegant they will look at that

entrance door," Winnie exclaimed admiringly, revelling in the tremulous splendour of the satin's exquisite sheen. "You will use them for a hundred backgrounds, Tib. They will be a joy forever."

"Possibly, but meantime why didn't you buy a pole and rings, and order an upholsterer to put them up?"

"Simply because I hadn't money enough left; and I saw a piece of gaspipe down in the lumber room, which will do if I bronze it; and I am going to ask Dagobert to put it up for me, if you will only lend me the money for a dozen rings."

"Here is the money," I replied, and Winnie darted out again after the rings.

The next morning when Dagobert called for the coffee Winnie made her request, and the young man very cheerfully brought a step ladder and drove a meat hook on each side of the door, on which we rested the gilded gaspipe. We all acknowledged that the curtains were so superb that one did not notice their peculiar fixtures. Dagobert vanished for a moment and brought us a handsome pair of portière chains from the vicomte's apartment. "I have only borrowed them for this occasion," he explained. "The vicomte

knows; he says that anything he has is at the service of *les dames* for their fête."

"Ah!" Winnie exclaimed, and hesitated; but finally her great desire made her bold and she explained her heart's longing. "The vicomte had such a wonderful collection of old Holland blue. Would he lend us some cups and saucers for our tea?"

"*Mais certainement.* I run," and Dagobert suited the action to the word. From our window we could see him taking the saucers from the wall of the salon where they were suspended in plaque fashion and formed the outer frame of a great mirror. "The vicomte is poking around in the garden," Winnie said. "Dagobert has not asked him at all."

"It seems to me," I replied, "that that young man takes too great liberties with his master's belongings."

"That is none of our funeral," Winnie answered irreverently.

"Unless you still intend to invite the vicomte, when it might be a little awkward to serve him tea in his own cups."

"Hum—I'll tell Dagobert of my intention and let him get out of his box the best way he can."

Dagobert, when told, did not approve.





"Monsieur le Vicomte will not come," he assured us; "he never goes anywhere. He is a veritable bear, who never leaves his den."

A little later he made the somewhat contradictory statement that his master was benevolence personified, and that if there was anything else which we would like to borrow, everything in his rooms was ours.

Winnie was now so thoroughly interested in the success of our reception that she had lost sight of every other consideration. "There is only one other object which he could lend us Dagobert, and that is you."

"Me, myself," stammered the valet. "I surely do not understand. It cannot be that mademoiselle wishes me, a servant, to attend her reception. Such angelic condescension is like her, but mademoiselle forgets the difference in our positions."

Winnie flushed with vexation. "It is you who forget," she replied almost unkindly. "I had no intention of inviting you as a guest, but we must have someone to wait upon the door, to announce the visitors, and to pass the tea. I thought perhaps your master would allow you to do that for us."

A strange expression swept over Dagobert's face: first, broad amusement, then

something like consternation and confusion. He could not meet our eyes, but kept his glance fixed upon the floor. But no, it was impossible; we might ask anything but that.

"But why impossible? You are surely not too busy?"

"Monsieur le Vicomte would never consent."

"Perhaps not, if you asked him." But Winnie assured Dagobert that she intended herself to ask the vicomte.

"Oh, no! it would never do. He would be very angry, and even if he were not, I could not. I am not used to such service. *Ces dames* would better hire a professional waiter."

"But that would cost us a great deal, and I thought you would be willing to render us so trifling a service. I see, Dagobert, what all your protestations of friendship amount to."

"Do not put it so. I would do anything else for mademoiselle. Anatole will serve you in this capacity so much better than I."

"How can you say so? Anatole is as stupid as he is awkward. He would let all the vicomte's precious china slide from the tray, and he would stand with his mouth open like the imbecile he is when it came to the an-

nouncing, whereas you, Dagobert, who have almost the *savoir faire* of a gentleman, would do it with a certain style and *aplomb* that would just give the finishing touch to our little fête. I can hear you calling out, 'Mrs. Van Silver!' and bowing that magnificent lady in with an *empressement* that would match her own. Even Adelaide, with all her fastidiousness, would never imagine that you were accustomed to anything else."

Dagobert shrugged his shoulders. "*C'est impossible*," he said. "Your waiter should have a dress suit; I have none. You would not wish, and the vicomte would not allow, me to serve you in his livery."

"Is this a livery?" Winnie asked, indicating a profusely frogged jacket which Dagobert usually wore.

"*Mais certainement.*"

"Then I suppose it is out of the question. I am sorry, for I can't help thinking that you could manage it for us if you wished."

Dagobert seemed moved by some emotion incomprehensible to us. "*Voyons*," he said excitedly, "you have been very kind to me, but always as to a servant, as a lady to an underling. That begins to be fatiguing. I would like to know how you would treat me if



I were your equal in position. I think I will no longer be the valet of the Vicomte du Pèlerin."

"You will be foolish to leave the vicomte's employ unless you have some lucrative occupation in view. What can you do?"

"*Ma foi*. I can do as much as the vicomte himself. I can drive, ride, shoot, dance."

"But driving is the only one of these occupations by which you could earn your living, and it is no better to be a stage-driver or coachman than a body-servant."

"And even in your free and rich America I could do nothing to make my way?"

"Certainly not, with these accomplishments alone."

"I see then that, as a man only, I am not a success. I should have been born a noble. Of the *noblesse* nothing is expected. If I were a vicomte instead of a valet you would find me charming."

"No, indeed, Dagobert; as you are, your limitations are not your fault, only your misfortune, but as a nobleman I could not endure you. You would be worse than insignificant then, for you would have had opportunities for making a career, and I think nothing is so despicable as a man who deliberately chooses

to be a nonentity—to count for nothing in this world.”

“Then you like me better as I am than if I was a vicomte?”

“I like you better as you are.”

A happy, triumphant light shone in the young man's eyes. “It is *étonnant, incroyable*,” he murmured, “but, if I were a noble, I should have a name, a title, and that is a good thing, is it not? Other American ladies seem to think so. Your friend Mademoiselle Adelaide, she would not speak to me as I am, but she admires the *ancienne noblesse*.”

“I do not share Adelaide's feelings. I do not care a fig for rank or blood, but only for real merit.”

He shook his head incredulously. “Pardon me, I do not believe it.”

“You are very tiresome, and we are talking to no purpose. Since you are not a noble, it does not signify what anyone would think of you if you were one. Try to make the most of the talents and the opportunities that you have, and you may count on the respect of all right-minded people.”

“And what do you consider my opportunities, my talents?”

"Just at present, to serve at our reception. No one knows to what it might lead."

"No, truly; but you are laughing at me. Is that, seriously, all that I am good for?"

"Seriously, I think you might do better than that. Those plans and drawings which you showed us the other day were not half bad. I think they might gain you a position in the office of some engineer."

"But those offices are in the gift of government, and I have no influence."

"Good work needs no influence."

"Ah! work, always work, and I do not like that." The last sentence was not uttered aloud, but was merely a reflection as he left the studio. And he added to himself: "It is strange how these Americans have a rage for work. Even Miss Adelaide, who has no need, who imagined that I had no need, talked to me in exactly the same way. She made it even seem amusing to work. If I should try? If I should go to my uncle, the general, and say, 'I have decided to swallow my pride and earn my living; procure for me a draughtsman's position in the office of some military engineer,' I could have it to-morrow. I flatter myself that I could keep it by my merit. What then? I would be independent. I

would not be forced to marry Miss Adelaide. I could even marry Angèle, for whom I have always been destined, and the poor girl's heart need not be broken. But would she care so much after all? And do I really desire this marriage? Bah! I do not know. If she were more like this young *Américaine*; quick, enthusiastic, intense; then I would know, but Angèle does not wear her heart on her sleeve. Has she after all a heart? I shall know soon. It is well that she is coming to Paris to-morrow with my mother, and all will be decided. Meantime this American idea of work has something in it of piquant. I will see my uncle to-night." He bowed and took his leave, saying, "I will do my possible to please you."

"Then you will serve at our little fête?"

"Alas! how can I? I have no dress suit." And the mendacious Dagobert hurried to his own apartment, arrayed himself in a dress suit which would have done credit to the most fastidious of head waiters, as it certainly did to the vicomte, and hastened away to his interview with the general.

The next day Winnie called at the Art Club to talk over the reception with Mrs. Newell, who kindly promised to receive with

us. Winnie had taken her sketching outfit with her, and passed on to her favorite Luxembourg Garden, where she wished to make a study of the Fountain of Marie de Medici. Only the evening before we had been reading Victor Hugo, and she had come across the following description of the Luxembourg, which had wakened her love for this charming spot :

“The Luxembourg was delicious,” wrote the great author. “The branches, wild in the brilliancy of mid-day, seemed trying to embrace each other. There was in the sycamores a twittering of linnets, the sparrows were triumphal, and the wood-peckers crept along the chestnut, gently tapping the holes in the bark. The buds accepted the legitimate royalty of the lilies, for the most august of perfumes is that which issues from whiteness. The old rooks of Marie de Médici made love on the lofty trees. The sun gilded, purpled, and illumined the tulips, which are nothing but all the varieties of flame made into flowers. All around the tulip-beds hummed the bees, the flashes of these fire flowers. The statues under the trees, nude and white, were robed in dresses of shadow shot with light. The whole harmony of the season was blended into a graceful whole, the

entrances and exits of spring took place in the desired order, the lilacs were finishing, and the jessamine beginning; a few flowers were retarded, a few insects before their time, and the vanguard of the red butterflies of June fraternized with the rear-guard of the white butterflies of May.

"A veteran from the adjoining barracks, who was looking through the railings, said, 'Nature is wearing her full-dress uniform.'"

The season was not so far advanced as when Victor Hugo described it, but the day was an exceptionally pleasant one for the time of year, and Winnie worked rapidly, blocking in her sketch quite successfully. Suddenly someone behind her said "Bravo!" and looking up she recognised Professor Waite. At her request he criticised her work and offered a few suggestions. While thus engaged Cynthia Vaughn, who had been spending an hour in the gallery, happened to stroll that way. Winnie took advantage of their chance meeting to invite both her and Professor Waite to our tea. Cynthia accepted with avidity, but the professor declined, saying, "I have wasted too much time that way, and I shall not attend another social event of any kind while I remain in Paris."

"Not even Milly's birthday fête?"

"Especially not the birthday fête. I have made a solemn vow to abjure society, and to insure my keeping it I am going to give away my dress suit."

Winnie started. "How delightful!" she exclaimed; "the very thing I want. Do please give it to me."

Professor Waite was utterly astonished. "What can you want of it?" he asked.

"Don't be shocked; I am not going to wear it;" and Winnie explained the situation.

Cynthia's eyes glittered with ill-concealed delight. "Of course you have invited Mrs. Van Silver and Adelaide to your tea?" she asked.

"Of course," Winnie replied; "and knowing this, Professor Waite, will you not think better of your refusal? I am sure Adelaide will be pleased to meet you."

"I think not," he answered, "but you shall have my suit for your waiter. I trust that it will fit him, and that your little fête will be a great success."

"Of course it will be," Cynthia murmured hypocritically, thinking what a bombshell was being loaded, and what a grand explosion there would be in our little studio—how Ade-

laide would find that her count was only a valet, and Winnie would be discovered by her prospective mother-in-law far too intimately acquainted with this gay deceiver.

"I wouldn't miss your tea for anything," she assured Winnie with perfect truth, and she hurried home to help on the delightful result by making sure of Mrs. Van Silver's attendance.

That afternoon Anatole brought up a package, which he placed upon the model-stand with an air of mysterious importance that convinced me that he had already informed himself of its contents.

"What have you there?" I asked; "a bombshell?"

"I hope not, mademoiselle," he replied; "at least, if it is, I trust it is not loaded. Bombshells without gunpowder are curiosities. We thought much of them during the siege, but one can shut up *le vrai diable* in those black things."

After Anatole had departed I removed the wrapping-paper and disclosed a large hatbox. Opening the lid, I discovered not a bombshell, but Professor Waite's dress suit.



## CHAPTER IX.

## A CATHEDRAL TOUR AND OUR STUDIO TEA—THE BOMB EXPLODES.



THE winter had been a baffling one for Adelaide as well as for us. She had not been able to secure the facilities for architectural study which she desired.

One rich experience had come to her—a cathedral tour, arranged and chaperoned by Mrs. Van Silver, with Count de la Tour as a guide. Milly had timidly suggested that Professor Waite should be included in the

party, but Mrs. Van Silver had thought him brusque and unappreciative of the privileges shown him; henceforth he was to be ruled from her books.

It is natural that we should have a kindly feeling for persons who are associated in our minds with delightful memories. Adelaide did not analyse how much of the pleasure of the trip was due to the count; she realised only that she had been very happy for a short time in his company. It was true that he had not shown himself so much of a connoisseur in cathedrals as in fortresses, but he had listened with sympathetic appreciation to her rhapsodies; he had even submitted at Amiens to hearing her translate Ruskin's "Bible" of that cathedral. They approached the cathedral, as the great critic counsels, from the Street of the Three Pebbles, and entered the south transept. The opposite rose window flamed in all its exquisite lustre through lace-like tracery, and the shafts of the transept aisles formed entrancing vistas. They gazed at the apex from the mid nave, and read Ruskin's trenchant words: "And if you have no wonder in you for that choir and its encompassing circlet of light you need not travel further in search of cathedrals, for the

waiting room of any station is a better place for you, for it is not possible for imagination and mathematics together to do anything nobler or stronger than that procession of windows with materials of glass and stone."

It is possible that the count was more interested in the mathematical part of the construction than in the imaginative. Perhaps there were other mathematical considerations in his mind, as he apparently shared Adelaide's soulful enthusiasm. If so, he did not betray himself; and when she descended from contemplation of the "playing French fire" of the lancets and roses he patiently followed her in her study of the grotesque little figures carved in wood on the stalls of the choir.

The wood carving in the choir of the Cathedral of Amiens is indeed most remarkable. Six or eight good workmen were occupied on these choir chairs for fourteen years, and we are told that they were paid in all for this work only two thousand dollars.

Under the ninety-second stall Adelaide found the grotesque figure which Ruskin assures us is the portrait of Turpin, the wood-carver-in-chief, beneath whose chisel and direction the choir came to merit these glowing words :

“Wood carving was the Picard’s joy, and so far as I know there is nothing else so beautiful cut out of the goodly trees of the world. Under the carver’s hand the oak seems to cut like clay, to fold like silk, to grow like living branches, to leap like living flame. Canopy crowning canopy, pinnacle piercing pinnacle, it shoots and wreathes itself into an enchanted glade, fuller of leafage than any forest, and fuller of story than any book.”

Mrs. Van Silver had begun the cathedral tour at Amiens, and they had circled around Paris by way of Beauvais, Rheims, Bourges, and Tours, ending with Chartres. Between Bourges and Tours they had paused for a day at Blois to visit the royal château. All through lovely Touraine every mountain top was crowned with ruins, and minor châteaux lifted their pointed roofs over encircling forests or were mirrored in the quiet streams.

“Your ancestral home is in Touraine, is it not, count?”

The count seemed embarrassed. “It is indeed in Touraine and not greatly off our route, but my mother is just closing it, in order to come to Paris for a short time. She has dismissed the servants, and it would not

be convenient for her to receive us at this time. I am desolated that it has happened so ; another time it will give my mother and myself great happiness to entertain you."

Cynthia's eyes snapped. It seemed to give her especial delight after this to make inquiries in regard to the ancestral château, until Mrs. Van Silver, noticing that it was an unwelcome topic for the count, took her aside and admonished her. "My dear," she said, "you are not thoughtful ; can you not see that you give the count pain? Evidently the château is out of repair. Probably his mother keeps very few servants, and it would distress him to have us pry into her small economies. I beg of you to drop the subject."

With Adelaide the count was more communicative. "Why should I hide the real reason?" he said. "We are poor—poor and proud." He described his home, an ruinous old château too far gone now in dilapidation to be inhabited, but with a round tower from which their family took its name dating back to the Crusades, whose thick walls still defied the tooth of time. "My mother removed long ago to the farm house, which is newer and more comfortable, but there is only one thing at the château which is presentable, that is the

garden. Angèle has looked after that. She is fond of flowers, and our white roses are the finest in all the country around. On the south side of the ruin the walls are draped with *glycine*. Wisteria you call it. The great purple tassels make pretty dashes of colour on the gray masonry. You would like to paint it. But our roses are our boast."

"They must be lovely to paint too," said Adelaide. "I remember making a study once of a Cherokee rosebush in full bloom in South Carolina. The roses climbed a tree like a vine, and there were such a shower of them that it seemed as if someone had thrown baskets full of bits of white paper into the tree."

"Ah! our roses do not grow that way. French roses and French girls are more prim than American ones. They do not wander everywhere at their own sweet will. We trim the rose-stalks very closely until they resemble a staff, but they blossom at the top into a great bouquet. Angèle is as stiff and precise as one of our rose trees, but she is sweet and good too."

"Is Angèle your cousin of whom you spoke once before?" Adelaide asked.

"Yes," the count replied, and if Cynthia

had seen him, even she would have given him credit for genuineness now. "Angèle is my cousin ; a clipped white rose, very orderly, very conventional ; she never has an impulse to wander, to transgress her little garden plot, but she has no thorns and all the blossoms of her soul are pure white."

Adelaide looked at the count keenly. "I wonder," she thought, with a woman's swift intuition, "whether he loves his cousin."

"I would like to know your cousin," she said, "she must be very good."

"I think you would like her better," he replied, "if she were not so conventional ; if she were capable of surprising one. I would like her better myself, if I did not understand her so well."

The tour had been a most enjoyable one ; the only vexation in it to Adelaide lay in the fact that the other members of the party, Mrs. Van Silver, Mr. and Mrs. Roseveldt, Cynthia, and even Milly, did not care to linger long enough at any one place for her to make the careful studies which she would have enjoyed.

"You must be reasonable, my dear," Mrs. Roseveldt had said, "this tour was planned to occupy a fortnight, you cannot expect us to spend our entire lives in this way."

The count had had an inspiration, and when Mrs. Roseveldt turned away with these impatient words, he had said very quietly :

“If it were only possible to spend my life so.”

Adelaide's face flushed like the rose-window. “No, no,” she said, feigning not to understand him, “it would indeed be absurd, wicked—to waste life in simple enjoyment.”

They were in Chartres Cathedral, the last, and in some respects the loveliest of them all, and Milly, among the notes which she had gathered for this trip, had found this poem by Wyke Bayliss, which she read them on their farewell visit to the noble building, before they turned their faces homeward :

CHARTRES CATHEDRAL.

A forest of tall pillars, autumn stained,  
Purple and russet gray, through which there glows  
A crimson splendour when the daylight waned,  
And the great orb goes down in calm repose.  
High through the vaulted darkness the great Rose  
Drifts like a setting sun beyond a zone  
Of silvery light, where a pale window shows  
The story of Christ's Passion writ in stone.  
Oh, glory of Art ! not thou alone dost wear  
The sacred symbols of the Love Divine ;  
We are his temples also, and do bear  
His image on our hearts, as on a shrine  
Where the light burns forever clear and bright,  
Though the world drift into eternal night.



The lesson came just in time to Adelaide, for, in a dilettante enjoyment of architecture and the luxury of life, she had been in danger of forgetting the highest aims of living. She came out of her reverie with a start, to find her friends discussing the different cathedrals and comparing their respective merits.

"After all, I like Amiens best," said Mrs. Van Silver.

"So does Ruskin," said Milly, referring again to the autocrat. "He says, 'I must confess that the cathedral of Amiens has nothing to boast of in the ways of towers, that its central fleche is merely the pretty caprice of a village carpenter, that the total structure is in dignity inferior to Chartres, in sublimity to Beauvais, in decorative splendour to Rheims, and in loveliness of figure sculpture to Bourges.

" 'It has nothing like the artful pointing and moulding of the arcades of Salisbury, nothing of the might of Durham, no Dædalian inlaying like Florence, no glow of mystic fantasy like Verona, and yet in all, and in more than all these ways outshone or overpowered, the cathedral of Amiens deserves the name given it by Monsieur Viollet le Duc, 'The Parthenon of Gothic Architecture.' " "

"And in spite of this," said Adelaide, thinking of the poem which Milly had read, "I like Chartres best of all. Perhaps not so much for itself as for what it suggests."

The count, totally misunderstanding her, thought, "That is to let me know that she receives favourably the little speech which I made to her in the cathedral."

On taking leave of Mrs. Van Silver at her apartment in Paris the count thanked her warmly for allowing him so great a privilege, and concluded by informing her that his mother was coming shortly to Paris simply for the pleasure and honour of making Mrs. Van Silver's acquaintance and that of her charming ward.

Cynthia, who was listening in the boudoir, fled away to Adelaide and repeated his words. "And you know what that means, my dear," she added. "It means that you are to be asked to be a countess! Think of it, to belong to the real old aristocracy of France, that you admire so much. Castles, coats of arms, old family jewels and portraits, old hotels, servants in livery, crest on your letter paper and on your carriage panel, invitations to the most select entertainments of the Faubourg St. Germain! What do you say to that, my

dear?" Cynthia's eyes glittered as though the triumph were her own, but Adelaide said nothing.

A few days later Milly sent her invitations for the Japanese birthday fête. "I have invited Professor Waite," she ventured to say to Adelaide, whose face was averted. "I am glad," Adelaide replied; "I would like to see him."

Then came Professor Waite's almost discourteous refusal—"He had given up society."

"And I have given him up," Milly exclaimed wrathfully.

"So have I," said Adelaide coldly.

"It seems to me," remarked Cynthia, with a flavor of spite, "that it would be nearer the facts to say that he had given you up."

This was the state of affairs with our friends when they received and accepted our invitation to our studio reception. Milly told me afterward that she suspected some mischief, Cynthia took such delight in the plan; and especially when an invitation was sent in Adelaide's care, at her request, for the Count de la Tour, and which was duly forwarded to him at his club address, the only one known to Mrs. Van Silver and Adelaide.

The morning that Winnie had spent in the

Luxembourg Garden I had been occupied in finishing Mademoiselle Zizi's circus posters. She was a little late, and I was looking down into the court when she entered, and I saw the old vicomte kiss her affectionately on both cheeks. I was a little shocked by this familiarity, but would not have referred to it had not Zizi herself challenged my criticism on entering the studio.

"You have the air of being very much displeased with me, mademoiselle," she said. "Is it not then the fashion in America for daughters to permit their fathers to salute them?"

"Certainly," I replied; "but I was not aware that the Vicomte du Pèlerin was your father."

"But no," she laughed, "the vicomte is a young man, and my father, whom you saw with me just now, in the court below, is his valet."

I did not believe her, but was positive the saucy hussy was trying to shelter herself with a falsehood.

"My father tells me that the countess and Mademoiselle Angèle are expected to-day. Have you ever met them? No? But you will. Mademoiselle Angèle is an angel of goodness. She was my *sœur du lait*. That

is, my mother took her to nurse when she was an infant. We are of the same age, and were brought up together until she was quite a miss. Then I was her maid at the château until she lost her money, and was obliged to cut down her expenses, when I went back to the family of my mother, who are managers of the little theatre of the *Variétés Amusantes*. My uncle is the best clown on the road—I mean in the little strolling companies, and I manage my dogs; but Mademoiselle Angèle is as fond of animals as I am, only not poodles. She loves the larger animals. She has a great Russian bloodhound who goes with her on all her long walks in the park. There is not a poacher that would dare come near her with Diabolo beside her. And he was a surly beast when she took him, but she conquered him at once. It is so with all animals. She goes through the stable and pats the cows, and is not even afraid of the bull.

“You would not credit it, but Mademoiselle Angèle has also a talent for the theatre. She must have drunk it with my mother’s milk, for my mother was a danseuse in her day, and Mademoiselle Angèle would make a great success as a pantomimist. When I would go back to the château to see her she had me help

her to arrange a little theatre of puppets, and we acted the comedy of St. Antoine and his pig, all by our two selves. How we did laugh! But you must never tell anyone, for no one would suspect it; Mademoiselle Angèle is a bit of a *religieuse*, so *dévoté*, so cold, so austere, and so elegant of manner. But la, la, human nature cannot always support a strain like that, and her theatre of puppets in the *grenier* of the cow stables is her safety valve. She has told me that after a reception at the house of the lady mayoress of the village she always goes up to her *grenier* to relieve herself, by making the little fiends dance around the good St. Antoine."

As Zizi spoke I heard an unusual commotion in the courtyard. We rushed to the window. "*Tiens!*" exclaimed Zizi, "they are arrived, they are arrived!"

A portly woman dressed in black was tottering across the court, leaning on the arm of Dagobert, while the old vicomte followed, escorting a tall girl whose arms were filled with bundles.

It was with difficulty that Zizi moderated her transports and reduced Othello and Desdemona to order. "You can go if you like," I said.

But no, she would finish the sitting and call as she left.

Presently there was a tap at the studio door. I opened it, palette in hand. The tall girl stood there cold, formal, but with a suppressed excitement in her eye and a tremor in her voice. "Pardon, mademoiselle, but I am told that Mademoiselle Zizi——" She was not permitted to go further. With a shriek of delight Zizi fell upon her neck, and the two girls hugged each other ecstatically.

It was hard to recognise the unimpassioned Angèle in this demonstrative creature, but a moment later she regained her composure and apologised primly as she took her departure. "Zizi's father told me that she was here," she said, "and I could not resist the impulse to see her."

"Zizi's father!" Was it true, then? My head was in a whirl. I hardly knew what to think.

"You doubted me," said Zizi, "but you have only to ask Madame la Comtesse if you do not believe Mademoiselle Angèle."

"So that old man is not the vicomte. Who, then, is?"

"*Naturellement*, the son of madame—young

Monsieur Dagobert St. Louis de la Tour du Pèlerin."

I stood aghast, and could scarcely wait for Zizi to leave and for Winnie to arrive to communicate my news. Even then I was not allowed the pleasure, for Winnie came in swelling with importance.

"Well, I never!"

"No," I replied, "I never did."

"Now, Tib Smith, you need not scoff. You have no idea of what has happened."

"Haven't I? Then be good enough to tell me."

"Well, I met Dagobert as I came in."

"Nothing unusual in that."

"Do be quiet! And I told him, of course, that I had secured a dress suit for him to wear, and now there was no reason why he could not serve at our tea."

"Well, I fancy I can guess what he replied."

"Not in a thousand years."

"At any rate he laughed immoderately."

"He did, the wretch, and then I turned from him in my grandest manner, saying that if Monsieur le Vicomte was unwilling that his valet should assist us, I saw no reason for such mirth. That brought him to his senses, and



he begged my pardon very humbly, and said that the vicomte would gladly lend us his valet, 'Only,' he said, 'the valet—it is he whom you have always supposed to be the vicomte, and the vicomte—it is I.'

"'Dagobert,' I said very severely, 'this is a very poor joke, if you intend it as such, and it is quite useless for you to attempt to deceive me.'

"'It is that which I have discovered,' he said, 'and that is why I now confess all. My mother and my cousin have come, and I wish to have the honour to bring them to call upon you. Moreover, at your reception, to which you have done me the honour to invite me,—and he showed me the invitation we sent Adelaide's friend,—I will meet Mrs. Van Silver, and Miss Armstrong, and probably others who know my real rank and position. Therefore it is, as you see, impossible for me to carry on my deception any further.'

"'If this is true,' I said, 'I think I have cause to be very angry with you. It was a trick unworthy of a gentleman, and I would like to know what you meant by it.' He was very penitent; he meant no harm. It was our own mistake, and it amused him so much at first that he let it run on. He would

not have presumed to do so if he had known us so well in the beginning as he does now. But he thought—well, he did not explain exactly what he did think.”

“I should think not,” I replied indignantly; “and he would find it still more difficult to explain to Mrs. Van Silver, for instance. Oh, these Frenchmen think that every woman who lives in an unprotected, unconventional way, as we do, is quite accessible to flirtation, even with a valet! He thought he would shirk all responsibility by hiding his identity and amuse himself at our expense.”

“Now, Tib, you are a bit severe. He certainly intended no real harm from the first. He is only a light-hearted, light-headed fellow, and he has made all the amends in his power for his pranks by seeking our acquaintance now in the formal French way. He is to bring his mother in this evening before the reception.”

“More French notions,” I replied, “that the illustrious honour of being recognised by the nobility can compensate for being tricked and laughed at. No doubt he thinks that you would give your eyes to marry him.”

“Not at all, for I told him that, if I had suspected that he was not a servant, I would

have ended the acquaintance long ago, and that our intercourse could no longer be carried on in this unconventional way, as there was a young gentleman in America who fancied that he had certain claims upon me which I recognised, and neither you nor I cared for society. He did not seem greatly surprised. I fancy Adelaide must have told him about Van, for he said he hoped some day to meet my *fiancé*, and to tell him with what respect I had inspired him, not only for myself, but for all American girls."

"There is no fear that Mr. Van Silver will misunderstand you," I said, "but I was wondering what his mother will say to all this."

"I suppose we shall find out at our reception," Winnie replied rather doubtfully.

The countess called with her son, as he had promised. She was exceedingly polite and gracious, with that kind of politeness which is only skin deep. We felt that she did not care for us, though she insisted that we should accept all sorts of courtesies and neighbourly kindnesses for our reception, and professed herself enchanted to have arrived in time to attend it.

The eventful afternoon arrived at last, and with it Mrs. Van Silver and an astonishing

number of guests. The countess arrived first of all and really matronised us.

Dagobert presented her to Mrs. Van Silver, who was surprised to find that we lived under the same roof. Mrs. Van Silver was more deeply displeased with Winnie than ever, but she was too well bred to show her pique. So she thought, "The little minx is playing her cards to entrap the count, with no regard to her engagement to my own dear boy. Will she succeed—when the count intimated to me that his mother had come especially to ask me for Adelaide?"

Adelaide was much mystified when she saw the old gentleman who had given her the flowers, and whom we had all regarded as the vicomte, waiting upon our guests with the practised air of a professional butler. I drew her aside and explained the situation, but she did not seem greatly amused, though later I heard her rallying the count on the affair over their tea, and asking to be presented to his Cousin Angèle. But that young lady received Adelaide very coldly. She was no longer the enthusiastic friend who had greeted Zizi; the transformation was complete; her hand and her manner were icy, and Adelaide felt that here was a girl who surrounded her-

self with barriers which could never be broken down.

Milly brought Mr. Golden Gosling to look at my Salon picture (we called it so now) in in the amiable hope that he might purchase it, but he did not even ask its price. Altogether the reception had cost a great deal of trouble, and more money than we could well afford, and it had given no one great pleasure. To Cynthia, most of all, it was a colossal disappointment, for she had expected to find the count figuring as a waiter, and hoped that this would be proved to be his true position. Whereas his claims were authenticated by the presence of his uncle the general, and other personages of importance. Mrs. Van Silver so cleverly concealed her disappointment that even Cynthia did not suspect it. The bomb had exploded, and Winnie was apparently uninjured.

## CHAPTER X.

### AMONG THE EXHIBITIONS—ANGÈLE.



**A**T last my picture of Fame was despatched to the Salon—the old Salon at the Champs Élysées, and I waited the result of the jury with my heart in my mouth.

Winnie thought I ought to have offered it at the new Salon at the Champ de Mars. She declared that the more conservative exhibition was according to the studio argot “old hat,” “not in the movement,” while she was sure it would be a far greater honour to be accepted by the more progressive artists, to be “in the swim,” and “up to date.” But I assured Winnie that I was not in sympathy with the innovators who were turning the world of art upside down. I had been taught

to consider careful drawing, thoughtful composition, beauty of line and colour, and above all refinement and elevation of sentiment,—a search for the ideal,—as the true mission of art, and I could not forgive the crass vulgarity of some of the exponents of the new school.

The various exhibitions had been a great source of delight and of growth for us both ; they had also been battlefields, over which we had waged wordy combats. Winnie, with her daring nature, was ready to explore new fields, and she dragged me from one picture display to another, from the Volney, which we agreed was rather weak, to the Pastel exhibition with all its wide gamut from the most lovely morbidezza to the most daring violation of every artistic instinct as well as tradition ; to the Aquarellists, to the Mirlitons, sometimes called the Épatants or the Dazzlers, to the Rosicrucians, and the Indépendants, and finally to the new Salon at the Champ de Mars. Winnie led me everywhere where we could find *modernité* and rampant *mondain* impressionism, the *tout ce qu'il y a du plus dernier*.

At first I would see nothing good in the movement. Its representatives, Messieurs Manet, Monet, Degas, Dannat, and many others, seemed to me *poseurs*, striving to attract

attention by eccentricity. Dannat's dancing girls, with blue hair, and Besnard's nudes, all red and yellow, as pure as it could be pressed from the tube, and apparently lighted from within, like a Chinese lantern, seemed equally the product of diseased imaginations, men gone insane in their desire to astonish the world. Little by little, however, I acknowledged that Monet was in earnest. I discerned in some of his landscapes the attempt to depict the *movement* of nature, the shimmer of the sea on a hot day, the rustling of the foliage under a light breeze, the twinkling, dazzling play of light and shade which had often confused and bewildered me when striving to sketch from nature itself.

How often had I said, "Oh, if nature would only keep still!" But the light shifts, the color changes, the clouds and the shadows move, reflections come and go, the grass grows, flowers open under our eyes, the sunbeams scintillate, the heat palpitates, and altogether nature poses as poorly as a restless child. Monet has said. "*La Nature ne s'arrête pas,*" and this was to me the key to his aim—the endeavor to give the *movement* of Nature. From this discovery I came to acknowledge that these men, against whom I had revolted,



were discovering some truths in out-of-door painting which must affect the future of art when used by more moderate and more skilful hands.

"There is something in the movement," I said to Winnie. "I should like to see what the next century will have made of it, after the eccentricities have been pruned away, and the new truths have been recognized by men who know how to paint."

"Yes," she replied, "and their pictures are looked at by people who have learned to see."

Winnie longed to spend the summer at Giverny, where Monet lives, and where the impressionists gather; but we were not sure that we could go out of town at all. Everything depended on my success at the Salon.

The waiting time was very difficult. I do not remember very clearly how we passed it, only that we became acquainted with Mademoiselle Angèle, who dropped in frequently and seemed to enjoy watching us at our work. She seemed to me cold and inscrutable. I could not tell whether she really liked us, but Winnie was drawn to her, probably because their natures were so very unlike. They had brought a maid with them from the country, who made their coffee, and we saw very little

of the count. At first he attempted to call in the old easy fashion, but Winnie laid down the law severely. There was no longer any valet Dagobert, and the Count de la Tour du Pèlerin would not be received, unless he was accompanied by his mother. The count rebelled, but Winnie was inexorable. The countess came twice and her son with her, but he appeared to absorb scant enjoyment from these chaperoned visits, and he presently discontinued them. But Angèle came, and came again. It was not in the hope of meeting Zizi, for the Variétés Amusantes had gone to St. Cloud, and would not return until the Fête Nationale in July.

Angèle talked little, but there was an expression in her eyes at times which told me that she was in pain, and I wondered if she came to us to escape being with her relatives. Winnie noticed that while she responded briefly she enjoyed hearing us talk of her cousin. Her lacklustre eyes would brighten, and her cheeks flame in spite of herself. Winnie inveighed heavily against his lightness of character and his indolence. Angèle asked why he should exert himself ; men of his class never did, except to amuse themselves.

"But how," Winnie asked, "can any man

amuse himself by being a nonentity? And Dagobert has talent. If he would only work he might distinguish himself, might gain a comfortable little fortune, which certainly would not come in amiss."

Angèle waved her hands deprecatingly. There were more ways than one of obtaining a fortune; the most advantageous marriages had been proposed for her cousin. As for work for him, it was not to be thought of, it was too disgraceful.

"And do you think it is not disgraceful to marry for money, without a thought of love?" Winnie asked indignantly.

"I do not say so," Angèle replied, "but my cousin is attractive, a rich girl might love him, and surely the possession of riches would be no reason why he should not love her. I was rich once myself, or thought myself so, and I had several suitors. I shall never believe they cared only for my money, and I used to think then that if I ever married I would prefer some poor but worthy man, to whom my fortune would be a great boon; that it would be a great pleasure to reinstate some noble family in possessions which were theirs by right. But that was a dream that vanished with the bubble of Panama."

"Tell me about it," Winnie cajoled, with her arm about her waist.

"My father had invested largely in the stock. He believed in the scheme firmly, and he induced many poor people, whose funds he had in charge, to invest also. And then, toward the last, he saw that it was all a wicked delusion, and to save those who had trusted their savings with him, he bought out their shares, taking the risks himself. I have thought that it might be said of him as they taunted our Saviour—'He saved others, himself he could not save.' And so all of his fortune went and mine too, and that was what broke his heart and caused his death; and that is why I am a *nouveau pauvre*. You have heard of the *nouveaux riches*, but since the Panama there are many *nouveaux pauvres*."

Winnie comforted her, and we were silent for a time, and the confidence ceased for that day. Another time she asked us shyly to tell her of Adelaide. Was she very rich, and very good? Was she a girl who would be likely to marry for a title only? Winnie took up the cudgels warmly for her friend. Adelaide was a girl of principle and of strong feeling, noble through and through. She was

aristocratic in feeling, but her love of nobility was not limited to externals. She would never think of marriage except for the highest motives.

Angèle looked at Winnie, while she ran on, with dry, devouring eyes, and suddenly choked back a hysterical sob, and abruptly left the room.

"Now, what do you suppose that means?" Winnie asked in astonishment.

"I think it is plain enough," I replied. "Angèle is in love with her good-for-nothing cousin, and the countess is trying to arrange a marriage for him with Adelaide."

"I believe you are right, but Adelaide won't look at him. That's one comfort."

"I don't know about that. Mrs. Van Silver seems to be interested to bring it about."

"I've a notion to go and tell Mrs. Van Silver to mind her own business, and that I am determined that Adelaide shall not marry the count."

"I would advise you to do nothing of the kind, my dear. Mrs. Van Silver, and Adelaide, too, already think you entirely too much interested in that young man. We can do nothing but keep out of the complications."

You have enough to do, I can assure you, to paddle your own canoe."

My guess was very nearly correct. The count and Angèle had been betrothed for several years. Her fortune, it had been intended, should, on their marriage, restore the estates of De la Tour du Pèlerin to their original glory. It was true that there had never been any great show of affection between the young people. French manners do not admit of this, and Angèle was supposed to be too cold and Dagobert too susceptible for any passionate devotion to exist between them. But she had been brought up with the idea that he was her destined husband, and had consented to the arrangement in an uninterested way, seemingly too indifferent to make any objections, while Dagobert had apparently included her in the admiration which he extended impartially to all women.

Then came the loss of her fortune and the death of her father, and a new face was immediately put upon affairs. Angèle was the first to recognize it, and she promptly released her cousin from the engagement. Dagobert was not devoid of honour. He refused to accept his freedom. He assured her that his affection was in no way influenced by the loss

of her money. To do him full credit, it was rather increased thereby. The shock wakened him to an appreciation of her many excellent qualities, and he resolved to do all that he could to be worthy of her. On this account for more than a year past he had abandoned society, given up his amusements, and shut himself in a corner of the old hôtel, devoting himself to the study of military engineering and fortification, which had always been a favourite subject with him. Had he been buoyed up in his resolution by the assurance of Angèle's love and approbation, he would have soon accepted a position under government and have gone to work for her sake. Winnie's influence had contributed largely to this (to him) heroic decision. But when the resolution was announced in his letters to his mother and to Angèle they wakened a storm of disapproval.

Angèle felt that the sacrifice was too great. She could not allow him to make it for her sake; and she wrote him, disguising her feelings, and saying that he was wasting his time, she could never consent to marry an employé of the government, that her affection for him was only cousinly, and that nothing would

please her better than to act as bridesmaid when a suitable bride was discovered.

She urged him to abandon the mirage of their early betrothal, not only for his own sake and that of his mother, but for hers as well.

The countess, too, assured her son that Angèle did not care for him in the least, that she would continue to live with them after his marriage, and urged him to throw aside his childish pleasures and to become "serious."

The childish amusements which were to be abandoned were his models of fortifications, his treatise thereon, and his resolution to earn his livelihood like a man by work of brain and hand; and by being serious they all understood that he should devote all the powers of his mind to achieving success in the leading of cotillons, in order that he might make the acquaintance of some wealthy girl who would coldly barter fortune for rank.

Dagobert had waited only for this assurance that Angèle did not care, to accept the course marked out for him. He purchased a stylish equipage and appeared once more in society.

He had heard of Miss Adelaide Armstrong. Her wealth and other attractions had been



frequently mentioned in his hearing, and he perceived at once the path of duty, which he felt certain a kind Providence that cares for the incapable had marked out for him.

And Adelaide, in spite of all that Winnie had said of her, found herself facing an insidious temptation. The one man for whom she really cared had shown himself indifferent, contemptuous, and life stretched before her empty and weary. She had no mother near at hand with whom to take counsel, and she needed a mother now fully as much as we did. Her father, who had recently arrived, was pleased with the count and with Mrs. Van Silver's representations. Art for Adelaide was not a passion, and she had felt, since coming to Paris, that she could never succeed in it. Why not drift with the stream!

The countess had just called and had left a most pressing invitation for Adelaide and for her father to visit at the old château in Touraine. Accepting this invitation Adelaide knew would be almost equivalent to giving her consent to proposals which would surely follow, and so far she had demurred.

One day late in the spring Angèle came into the studio to bid us good-bye. There

was a great deal of repressed emotion in her manner, and I asked her with some anxiety where she was going.

"Only back to the château," she replied; "we are all going—my aunt and Cousin Dagobert, the maid and I. Cousin Dagobert's valet will take down the horses later, and will pack and send down all the furniture that there is here. I am going to-day with my aunt to make purchases of wall papers and cretonnes, and to try to find a *chef*. There are to be extensive *réparations* and a great deal of work. My aunt has much need of me. We are to have company in July, and we must work fast to put all in order before then."

"Who are the distinguished guests?" I asked carelessly.

"Do you not know? Has she not told you? But they are your friends—Mademoiselle Adelaide and her father. Madame Van Silver will come also, but that is only to chaperon. Good-bye; you have been very loving to me, and Mademoiselle Winnie. Ah, there is a *filie vraiment remarquable, qui sort de l'ordinaire*."

"Tib," said Winnie, when I told her of this interview, "I don't care if Adelaide does mis-

understand me, I am going to her, and I shall tell her about Angèle."

She hurried impulsively away and I was left alone. Presently Anatole knocked and handed me a letter, and all my interest in little Angèle vanished for the time under the stress of keen personal disappointment. My picture for the Salon had been refused !

## CHAPTER XI.

WITH THE MOUNTEBANKS.



HE rejection  
of my picture,  
like the fall of  
the milk-maid's  
pail, put an end  
to many hopes  
connected with it.  
Looking back

now, I can see that this disappointment was better for me than any success could have been. The stalks that grow most rapidly have least strength. I needed to be hardened, strengthened by repression, but at the time it was very hard to bear, and this disappointment has given me a fellow-feeling for all the defeated in the great race-course of life, for

The striving, breathless runner,  
The eager, anxious soul,  
Who falls, with his strength exhausted,  
Almost in sight of the goal ;

• And I know that the solar system  
Must somewhere keep in space  
A prize for that spent runner,  
Who barely lost the race.

The prize for me was the knowledge that success in art, as in everything else, cannot be attained by a bound, but must be earned by years of patient effort.

One of the hopes cut off was that of going to the country for the summer. There would be no Giverny for Winnie, no Normandy for me. We would remain in Paris and work unremittingly.

Adelaide and Milly left the city with their friends. After the visit in Touraine they were going to Switzerland.

Adelaide had taken Winnie's interference very coldly. In spite of their friendship there was a misunderstanding between them, and Mrs. Van Silver did not even bid Winnie good-bye when she left town.

The warm weather came on, we were tired and languid, and worked to little purpose. One sultry day in July I threw down my palette and brushes, saying, "Winnie, it is of no use. Nerves and brain cry out for rest. Let us go out and see the preparations for the fête."

The 14th of July, the day of the Fête Nationale, the anniversary of the destruction of the Bastille, is observed all over Paris with great rejoicing. The patriotic fervour does not die out with the day, but continues for an entire week. Short streets are roped at both ends, and reserved for out-of-door dancing, with music provided by the city treasury. Whoever cared to do so might take part in these public balls free of any cost, and bands of students, marching six abreast, with their arms about one another's shoulders, passed from one dancing place to another, pausing for a frolic at each.

The left bank of the Seine had more heart in the fête than the more fashionable quarter of Paris. Why should the rich care for a holiday when they had nothing to do from one fête day to another but to amuse themselves?

Especially in the next Faubourg to our own, that of St. Marcel, where the working people were packed, was the fête celebrated with most demonstration. This is the suburb of the communists, the one where it is said, "The people are more mischievous, more inflammable, more quarrelsome, and more disposed to revolt than in any other quarter. The police

dread to drive them to extremities and handle them delicately, for they are capable of going to the greatest excesses."

If they go to excess in other things they certainly do in their amusements; we knew that we should find here the fête at its wildest, and Madame the Butcher had agreed to go with us any afternoon to see how they celebrate it at the Place d'Italie.

It is a little community or city in itself which gathers here just before the fête, to prepare to amuse the pleasure-seekers of the neighbourhood.

Ordinarily the Place d'Italie is a pleasant flowery oasis in this populous Sahara. Hitherto we had found it a cool, almost solitary spot, whither an occasional old man strayed and watched the children meditatively from his bench beside the slimy basin of the fountain, which only played on grand occasions. Six wide avenues radiate from the Place d'Italie, making it the centre of the arrondissement, a Place d'Étoile of this humbler part of Paris, and therefore a convenient place of meeting on fête days.

Mountebanks, showmen, and peddlers of every description had swarmed here to build their booths and pitch their tents and to profit

by the festive occasion to reap the hard-earned *gros sous* of the working people and the peasants, who make their annual visit to the city at this time. The square was crowded with wild-looking Bohemians ; and the noise of a dozen bands, and numerous hand organs, calliopes, merry-go-rounds, itinerant musicians, boys practising on the *cor de chasse*, and showmen endeavoring to attract attention to their theatres by beating on great bass drums, created such a tumult that we could scarcely hear each other speak, and made us wish that silence

“ ——— would like a poultice come,  
To heal the blows of sound.”

Not till dawn, the butcher assured us, when the most enthusiastic dancer had tired himself out, and the white light of the sky had paled the lurid Japanese lanterns, did these wearied Bohemians, who labored so hard to contribute to the pleasure of others, creep into the vans which were stationed in the rear of their tent-theatres, or fall asleep on the benches of the park.

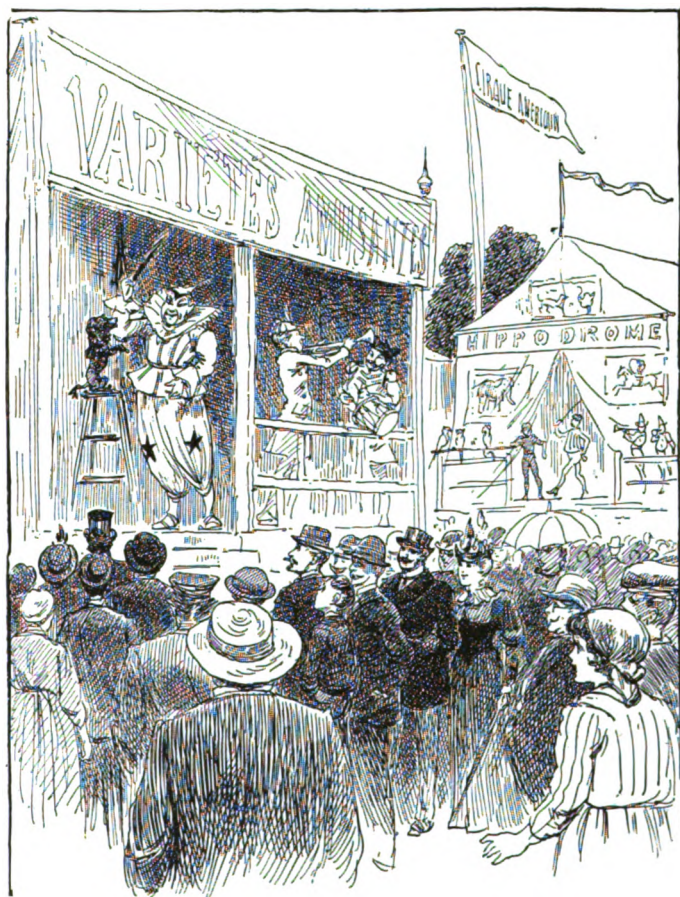
They were odd people who were crowded together about the Place, quite accustomed evidently to being neighbours, for they often met at the different fêtes celebrated from



time to time in the environs of Paris, but it must not be rashly imagined from this circumstance that they were friends. We could see certain indications which told that they were professional rivals, that they fought with each other for public patronage, and strove to supplant each other by fair means or foul. We were told that so eager was the strife to obtain the best places for their encampments that each performer endeavored to be on the field before the others, and thus it happened that the little community was always established several days before the opening of the fête by the municipal council.

We wandered about under the safe conduct of Madame the Butcher, through the lanes formed by the tables of the *pâtissiers*, inhaling the appetising odours diffused from their portable stoves, from whose ovens they raked unending processions of cherry pies, *beignets* and gingerbread.

There were *glaciers*, or ice-cream men, dispensing infinitesimal portions of cream in deceptively thick glasses, men with shooting galleries of easy range, and others with a game in which one tossed a ball at a toy house whose entire façade consisted of windows occupied by grotesque figures.





Occurring most frequently were the *chevaux de bois*, or merry-go-rounds, which whirled their children to the braying accompaniment of a mechanical organ with plenty of brass trumpets. One of the most successful of these insane whirligigs added to the dizzying effects of rotary motion and the deafening clamour a dazzling arrangement of mirrors, pendent lustres, and an abundance of spangles, calculated to turn the hair of any normally conditioned infant. But the Parisian child is not easily overcome, and the wee tots bestrode the prancing steeds with the dash of cavalry officers, and shrieked with ecstasy as the circling became more phrensied.

It gave me a strange shock, in the midst of this bizarre pandemonium, to be brought suddenly face to face with anything so familiar as my own work. But there it was, my flaming poster for the Variétés Amusantes. And compared with the monstrosities which decorated the fronts of the greater portion of the booths, my picture of Othello and Desdemona was really quite a work of art.

I drew the attention of my companions to it, and we waited for the appearance of Zizi's uncle, who presently came out on a little veranda, and, dressed as a harlequin, began to

crack jokes and perform antics. He was a great favourite, and we were elbowed and jostled by a crowd of onlookers, anxious to hear his *blagues*, and roaring with laughter over his facial contortions.

Othello, too, appeared, and the clown put him through a few tricks, at the same time assuring us that what he was showing was as nothing to the wonders to be seen within the tent, on the payment of *dix sous*. Presently he began to sing in a not unmusical voice :

“À rester debout, messieurs, on se lasse ;  
Mon conseil, je crois, est plus prudent.  
Entrez vous asseoir, vous trouv’rez d’la place  
Tant que vous serez dehors vous ne serez pas dedans.

À Moscou, Pékin, Pontoise, et Golconde  
Nous prenions cent francs, voyez les journaux,  
Aujourd’hui, messieurs, pour plaire à tout le monde  
Nous ne prenions que dix sous—passez aux bureaux.”

With a handspring he disappeared within the tent, the canvas curtain was lifted, and a good proportion of the crowd which had collected surged in and took their places on the benches formed by rough planks. We took the more aristocratic ten-cent seats, but there were others for five cents, and “standing room only” was provided for two cents. The performance began with “Guignol,” or “Punch

and Judy," very cleverly managed by the clown, and ended by the dogs' travesty of *Othello* and *Desdemona*. The audience shrieked with pleasure, especially when, after smothering poor *Desdemona*, *Othello* trotted in, carrying a placard on which was printed in large letters :

" Ma femme est morte,  
Que c'est bien  
Pour son repos—  
Et pour le mien ! "

We remained after the little audience was dismissed, and presently, peeping from behind the curtain, Zizi spied us, and, scrambling down from the stage, greeted us with effusion.

" Ah ! " she said, " you should have heard the compliments which have been made to your picture ! All of the performers are wild to have you decorate their booths. But I would not disclose your name or address, for they are not all of them to be trusted. They would take your beautiful paintings and never pay you. Besides, why should I give our enemies the means of rivalling us ? When we first displayed our new sign uncle could hardly attract any attention, everyone was absorbed in gazing at the pictures. ' Tiens ! ' someone would cry who had seen *Othello*, ' Mais

c'est bien lui !' And another, ' Mais c'est vraiment artistique !' and another, ' Regardez donc ces pattes—Que c'est beau !' Ça doit être un grand artiste qui a fait ça.' ”

Winnie nudged me. “ Fame at last, Tib ! Who cares for the judgment of the Salon, if the *people* of Paris crown you ? ”

“ Is it not so ? ” Zizi replied quite seriously, “ and I will not be so selfish as to keep you entirely to myself either. The dompteur Monsieur Sarnier, is a true gentleman and a great genius. He would like to have you make portraits of his beasts.”

“ What is a dompteur ? ” I asked.

“ It is a lion tamer, and Monsieur Sarnier is prince of his profession. You shall come with me and see him exercise his beasts. But not now, for I hear my uncle crying,

“ ‘ Voilà la séance,

“ ‘ Messieurs, qui commence,

“ ‘ Entrez, c'est le moment ; ’

and I must run behind the scene and help him with ‘ Guignol.’ ”

We waited through another performance of *Othello* and *Desdemona*, and then, as all the shows were taking a recess, we went with Zizi to call upon the dompteur. We found him a man apparently rather above his station in life,

polite and prepossessing in his manners. He took us into his menagerie, and showed his lions feeding in their cages. One old lioness was a wicked looking beast. She was the hardest to manage of all, he said, and he never entered her cage without being perfectly sensible that he took his life in his hand.

"You must come this evening and see me make them work," he said. "That old African lion, Abdallah, is the most intelligent. He helps me coach the young ones, he is my drill-sergeant. The bears can do some very amusing tricks. They are only cubs and very affectionate."

Winnie was delighted. "I would like to paint all your animals," she said, "but I don't see how we can manage it, for you could not bring them to the studio as Zizi did the dogs."

"I have thought of a way," said Zizi. "You must visit us."

"And live in one of your vans? How jolly!"

"Oh, no!" I exclaimed, "that would hardly do."

"I did not mean it that way," said Zizi. "Listen. We leave Paris soon, and begin to make the rounds of the suburban fêtes. Some of them are very pretty, like that of St.



Cloud, which takes place in September, and the Fête des Loges in the forest of St. Germain. Nearly every town has its fête, and we manage our itinerary so as to appear at as many of them as we can. Now it might please *ces dames* to visit some of these places, especially as there are many of them very pretty in summer. If you could come to Fontainebleau, for instance, while we were there, I think you would find that vicinity amusing; and I know of a little inn where you could stop at a very moderate cost. It is not exactly an inn, you comprehend, but the house of the widow of a *sous-officier* who takes boarders and who is an artist in cooking. She can prepare a *sole au vin blanc* and an *omelette soufflée* fit for a Parisian gourmet. Now, if Monsieur Sarnier will defray your expenses at Madame Bertier's, would you not, if you found the place to your mind, occupy yourselves during a part of the day with making portraits of his beasts?"

The proposal was accepted with avidity. It was our longed for opportunity for going to the country. Even in America we had hoped sometime to see the forest of Fontainebleau, where Rousseau painted, and the village of Barbizon with its artist colony and its

memories of Millet. Rosa Bonheur, too, lived near Fontainebleau at her chateau of By. Would we ever dare call upon her? She was said not to be fond of interruption, but there was no telling to what lengths our American audacity might lead us.

Gleefully we packed our few effects. When our two trunks were filled there were only a few articles of furniture left, which Anatole agreed to store for us, and we calculated that in giving up the studio we should make so great a saving on the rent that our summer was quite assured. The count's old valet, Zizi's father, told us that he was to drive the count's horses down to the chateau in Touraine, and he offered to take us to Fontainebleau as it was quite on his way. We could think of no objection to this plan, and so one pleasant summer day we left the hôtel in the Rue de l'Université in high feather, the entire household coming to the windows or standing on the trottoir to see us depart; Madame the Butcher running after us at the last moment with a luncheon basket containing a jar of *rognons sautés en vin rouge*, and some "*adorables petites saucissons*."

We reached Fontainebleau the afternoon of the same day, after a most delightful drive,

and established ourselves at the pension of Madame Bertier. Before the coming of the mountebanks we had time to explore the forest of Fontainebleau, and to become acquainted with the beautiful historic château.

In the forest we discovered a group of beech trees, which we were sure Rousseau had painted in a picture which had first awakened Winnie's artistic aspirations. Winnie uprooted a little vine which she found clinging to a tree, and taking it back to our room, planted it in a cracked teapot which our hostess gave us for the purpose. One day we made a notable pilgrimage to the château of By to call upon Rosa Bonheur.

As we approached the village of By, a heron mounted from a little sedgy pool and flew toward the forest with a snake in its bill. A man, whom we took for a poacher, started from behind a tree, took aim and shot the heron, and disappeared. We found the village very uninteresting, its narrow lanes winding between high gray walls. At the inn we inquired if Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur was in residence, but the people did not know. She rarely showed herself in the village, and was certain not to see us unless we were expected.

This was not encouraging, but we marched bravely on, At one of the turnings Winnie looked back.

"Tib," she said, "I believe we are being followed. Is not that the poacher who shot the heron?"

Winnie was right ; walking rather in the shadow of the wall, as though to keep unobserved, and pausing when we paused, followed the poacher or huntsman. He was a thickset, short fellow, and he wore a carter's blue cotton blouse over gray pantaloons, and a soft gray hat, of rather better quality than the kind generally worn by peasants. We were not alarmed, for though he carried his shot-gun slung over his shoulder, he had an honest, sturdy appearance, and not at all that of a footpad. We quickened our pace, and presently lost sight of him, forgetting him too, in the excitement of ringing at the gate of the great painter. It was a little postern gate by the side of the great wooden one which blocked the driveway, and had the air of a closed portcullis, which betokened that the château was in a state of siege. The jingle of the bell was answered by a chorus of dogs barking long and loudly. Presently a light step was heard crossing the court, and a maid

opened a little grated window in the gate and informed us, much to our regret, that mademoiselle was not home. We asked if in her absence we might inspect her studio, or at least the grounds. But the maid was inaccessible to our modest bribery. If we had a permit from mademoiselle, yes; otherwise, no. The little grating closed with a snap and we were left outside, the dogs still keeping up their din, and, as it seemed to us, howling derisively. As we turned away we saw the huntsman approaching with the heron.

"These ladies have been to call upon Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur!" he asked, "It is exactly there that I am going, perhaps I can serve you."

"She is not at home," Winnie informed him, for we comprehended at once that he had brought the heron to sell to her, as we had heard that her studio was a regular museum of stuffed animals and birds, just as her courtyard was an asylum for all the stray dogs in the neighborhood.

"Mademoiselle is not there, it is true," said the man, "but she will return. If you wish very much to see her, come back."

"I hope you will have better success with

the maid than we," I said, "but perhaps you know her."

"But certainly she knows me," the man replied, with a smiling air of assurance.

Winnie admired his heron, and asked if he would sell it to her in case he did not dispose of it to Rosa Bonheur.

"What would you do with it?"

"I have studied taxidermy," Winnie replied, "I would first mount it, and then paint it in some of my pictures."

"You also paint? Have you a studio here?"

The man seemed so honest and kindly disposed that Winnie told him of our engagement to paint the dompteur's animals.

"*Tiens! mais c'est amusant!*" said the man. "You are then animal painters, real rivals of mademoiselle here."

We disclaimed such ambition of course, but now we were at the door, on which the man beat authoritatively with the stock of his gun. Instantly there was another outcry from the dogs, but we fancied we could detect a triumphant, welcoming ring in their tumultuous barking. The maid threw the door open without a preliminary glance through the *guichet* and we all entered, the dogs nearly

throwing us to the ground in their gambols about the visitor, who spoke a few words to the maid and then turning to us said : "Mademoiselle is too much occupied to-day to show you her studio, but come some other time, and meantime the maid will show you the grounds and the pet animals. Since you admire the heron it is yours," and handing it to Winnie he strode into the house. Even then I did not quite understand, and I was about to offer him money, but Winnie poured forth her extravagant thanks.

"Hush ! Tib, don't you see?" she said, "It is Rosa Bonheur herself ?"

"Is it possible ?" I exclaimed.

"Certainly," replied the maid, "she wears that costume in her tramps through the forests, not to attract attention but to avoid it. She has made you a fine present there. It is not everyone who can boast owning a bird that mademoiselle has shot."

"Did you suspect her ?" I asked.

"I began to do so," Winnie replied. "I noticed, where the blouse opened, the little red button of the Legion of Honor, and I said to myself, 'This must be an extraordinary peasant.'"

"Did you ever hear how mademoiselle

obtained the decoration?" the maid asked. "It was when the Emperor was away with the army, and the Empress was regent. She came out here to visit mademoiselle, and when she went away fell upon her neck and kissed her. It was not until after the Empress had gone that mademoiselle discovered that she had taken occasion during that embrace to affix to her dress the cross. A pickpocket could not have stolen your jewels more cleverly. She was a bright one, that Eugénie."

"She was indeed, and I shall always admire her for that graceful act," Winnie replied.

The maid showed us the dogs and told their names, and took us as near as we cared to go to the pet cow and bull who were grazing on the lawn. There were mountain chamois and deer further in the park, and it was with difficulty that we could tear ourselves away from this interesting spot.

The gardens too were charmingly laid out in the style of Le Notre, the landscape gardener of the *grand monarque*. But we felt at last that we must go, and took turns in carrying the heron, the trophy of the day. Winnie had much difficulty in obtaining arsenic, to dress the skin, from the druggist (who seemed quite sure that she wished to commit suicide),



or suitable wire anywhere, but after much trouble she succeeded in her efforts. The mounting was not very skilfully done, but was accomplished after a fashion, and the heron was not the only souvenir of the kind which we gathered from that summer at Fontainebleau. A peasant killed a crow for us that was flitting over the very field where Millet painted his "Angelus," and the stuffed crow was triumphantly added to our collection. I rallied Winnie on her new fad, and told her laughingly that I should not be surprised to hear of her killing one of Monsieur Sarnier's lions to add to her museum. Long after I came across the following description of an artist's studio by Philip Gilbert Hamerton, and was surprised to find how exactly he had painted our trophies. It was as though he had seen them in our own studio and heard from us the story of their gathering.

" They who love Nature best surround themselves  
With objects that recall her to the mind,  
And in great cities you will often meet  
Some treasured relic, an imprisoned thrush,  
Or with their roots in water, hyacinths  
Flowering in narrow windows to the sun ;  
But in an artist's painting room, to aid  
His memories of fair landscapes far away,  
When by oppressive gaslight in the fogs  
Of winter he must labour for his bread,

You see such relics most. A creeping plant  
Hangs on the gas-pipe—once above a stream  
It drank the ceaseless dew of scattering spray.  
Between the quaint old ceiling and the floor  
A falcon hangs suspended by a thread,  
A scarecrow blind and shrunken—not the same  
As when he used to hover in the wind,  
With wings outspread and quivering, and keen eye  
That watched the fields below, where not a mouse  
Could leave its hole and live. A heron too,  
As sadly changed, is on the mantelpiece,  
Dusty and foul—poor thing, it bathes no more  
Its gray fine plumage in the lonely pools  
It used to haunt! Beneath its terrible beak  
A dim and broken snake-skin, badly stuffed,  
Lies stiffly coiled—how altered since it clothed  
A lithe and supple creature with a garb  
Of gleaming silver!"

It did not matter to us in after years that our museum presented an appearance much the worse for wear. They were priceless relics. The struggling vine was our Rousseau ivy, the badly stuffed birds were our Rosa Bonheur heron and our Millet crow.

The mountebanks arrived in Fontainebleau, and our rambles in the wood and about the interesting region were over for a time, as we settled ourselves to the business in hand of painting Monsieur Sarnier's beasts. We divided the work between us, in order to accomplish it the sooner. We attended the exhibitions, and made pencil sketches of the

most wonderful feats. I had a little camera, with which I took instantaneous views of the lions in the act of bounding, but in spite of this help, my results were not nearly so realistic and graphic as Winnie's rapid sketches—the old lioness snarling and aiming a sudden stealthy blow at the watchful dompteur; Abdallah leaping through a circle of fire, or the dompteur, agile, graceful, and intrepid, lashing the younger lions into obedience with his long whip.

I preferred to draw the comical cubs, as they rolled balls up inclined planes, teetered on a see-saw, danced, or performed other grotesque and clumsy antics. I never could get over a feeling of apprehension with the lions, though Winnie begged, as the youthful Regnault did, to be allowed to go inside the cages, that her view might not be obstructed by the bars.

Monsieur Sarnier would never permit this, though he told us that he was training a young lady to be a lion tamer, who would some day astonish Paris and the world. She did not wish to be known at present, and had not given any public exhibitions; but she was staying with the little troop, and took a lesson each day, making great progress.

He said that he had allowed her first, dressed in his own clothes, to go into Abdallah's cage, and that the old sergeant, having snuffed at her and found that she used no perfumes, had allowed her to caress him, which she did without the least fear. Since that first encounter she had made rapid strides. Abdallah now took no offence when she entered dressed as a fairy queen, but allowed her to hold his jaws open, and put her face between them. She was soon to begin to exercise the younger lions.

We were so busy with our painting that we did not attend the shows, but we noticed one day that the director of the Variétés Amusantes announced a new attraction. The drama of "La Tentation de St. Antoine," acted by wonderful puppets.

"Why, that," I said to Zizi, "is the same play that Mademoiselle Angèle fitted up for her amusement at the château."

"Yes," she acknowledged, rather hesitatingly, "and they are the same puppets. Mademoiselle Angèle has given them to me. But you must never tell anyone, for it is a great secret."

We attended the representation of this relic of one of the old miracle plays that

evening. The opening scene disclosed a forest rudely painted, but Zizi had already commissioned me to paint a new "back drop" for the Parisian season. The hermitage of St. Antoine occupied the left of the stage, which was darkened, and to accompaniment of tin-pan thunder and flashes of make-believe lightning, a chorus of invisible demons could be heard singing a chant, which I will translate, thus :

" Good St. Antoine,  
Come join in our fun,  
Come out to the demons  
And dance their jig,  
Or delirium tremens  
Will seize your pig."

Thus summoned St. Antoine appeared at the door of his hermitage and anxiously called his pig, which rushed frantically across the stage and took refuge under the gown of his protector.

Let me say in passing that it is from this tradition, that the pig was the protégé of St. Anthony, that in early days in Paris the monastery of St. Antoine alone was allowed permission for its swine to wonder at large through the streets of the city. This privilege was not taken away until the death of a dauphin from a fall occasioned by one of the

abbey porkers running between the legs of his horse.

To return to our miracle play, which was doubtless first acted by the monks of the abbey, St. Antoine, having closed the door of his hermitage, a doll, dressed like a Parisienne in the very height of the prevailing style, was made by means of dark silken threads to mince across the stage and knock at the hermitage.

St. Antoine demands, "Who is there?" A sweet voice replies, "Luciole, daughter of Lucifer, wandering far from home, seeks, faint and weary, refuge from the storm."

St. Antoine, always ready to succour the unfortunate, opens the door and offers Luciole shelter and a *soupe à l'oseille*, the most meagre of all Lenten vegetables. One can hardly blame Luciole for despising this light and slimy repast. She invites the good saint in her turn to dine with her on *tortue claire*, with salmon, venison, a *riz de veau*, *sauce perigueux*, an *aspic de foie gras en Bellevue*, a *sorbet à la Toscane* flavored with maraschino, a roast of snipe nestled in water-cresses, a salad and a Nesselrode pudding, with all the other delicacies and wines which even Ward McAllister could suggest.

St. Antoine repulses her ; even his pig will not touch the tempting repast, but squeals derisively with his nose lifted toward heaven.

Luciole and her table, spread with its mimic feast, sink through a trap door in the flooring of the stage, while the immaculate waiters who had brought the repast develop horns and tails, and also disappear in blue fire, howling most dismally ; and the saint falls upon his knees in thanksgiving for his escape.

In the second scene the saint is seen still on his knees, but surrounded by a group of fantastic little devils who dance about him, cleverly manœuvred from above by unseen cords, and sing merrily :

“La fari don don, la fari don daine,  
Come join in our fun, here we are again ;  
Pull him by his girdle,  
Make him wildly dance,  
Make him jump the hurdle,  
Make him sing and prance.  
Come dance with the demons,  
Come join in their jig,  
Or delirium tremens  
Will seize your pig.”

“Messieurs les Démons,” St. Antoine replies politely, “do what you will with me, but spare my beloved companion.”

Other groups of demons appear, singing :

“ La fari don don, la fari don daine,  
Come join in our fun, here we are again ;  
We are going to spoil the dwelling  
Of the blessed St. Antoine.  
List' to our joyous yelling ;  
What fun, what fun, what fun ! ”

The demons pull the hermitage in pieces,  
and run away with the fragments, singing :

“ We'll toast these boards to charcoal,  
And then we'll dance a jig,  
While we chop them into sausages—  
St. Antoine and his pig.”

Frightened by this terrible threat, the pig issues from the hermitage and scampers across the stage squealing, with a lighted Roman candle attached to his tail, and pursued by demons who spear him with their pitchforks ; St. Antoine utters a cry of despair ; a terrific roar of thunder is heard, the demons disappear, the clouds part, an angel descends, and pointing to the hermitage, reconstructed as though by magic, blesses St. Antoine and pronounces his temptation over, while the pig, disembarassed of his Roman candle, but decorated with garlands, rushes in and dances about the saint in an ecstasy of joy.



In spite of its absurdity—perhaps, rather, on account of it—we had greatly enjoyed the play.

“The puppets were very cleverly manipulated,” said Winnie; “who do you suppose did it?”

“Zizi’s uncle, of course,” I replied.

“No, he was in the audience.”

“Then it must have been Zizi herself.”

“But Zizi cannot sing, and did you notice what a finely modulated voice the person had who recited the spoken part of the drama?”

“Yes. It is evidently some new star. Perhaps the mysterious young woman who is studying to be a lion tamer.”

“I have come to that conclusion myself, and I am dying to see her.”

“No need of your doing that; she will make her début soon, and then she will be dying to have us see her.”

## CHAPTER XII.

### AT THE CHÂTEAU.



**M**ILLY had not given up her struggles to accomplish something in art, though fashionable life was a far greater hindrance for her than poverty had proved to be for us. Beside making her studies in costume, Milly did some fairly creditable work in flower painting.

The flower markets of Paris, especially the one beside the Madeleine, were her delight, but she longed also for gardens where she could see flowers growing in profusion, and most of all for a neglected garden, where weeds and flowers should grow together in the wild luxuriance of nature.

One evening the count described the garden at the château of La Tour du Pèlerin, and Milly clapped her hands with delight. "If I could paint there!" she cried, "if I could only see it!" The broken stone balustrade, the dry fountain, the broken dial, the ancestral tomb in the park, and the flowers sweeping over all their inundation of blossoms had all appealed to her imagination, as the count intended they should.

"You shall see them, you shall paint them," he said; "but it is what I most desire, if you will but induce Mademoiselle Adelaide to accept my mother's invitation to visit us."

The count added another and most potent argument. Madame Madeleine Lemaire was an intimate friend of his mother's. It was in their garden that she had painted some of her most celebrated flower paintings: the rare hollyhocks, honeysuckles, pinks, poppies, chrysanthemums, roses, and camellias, which have placed her at the head of her profession. Milly worshipped Madame Lemaire from afar for what has been well described as "her astonishing virtuosity without the shadow of affectation." Whether she painted the coquetries of the perfectly costumed Parisienne

of the day, the woman of fashion of whose class she is herself so brilliant an exponent, or the Merveilleuses, attired in those "curiously eccentric fashions that Madame Tallien made illustrious, and that the Empire accepted—or whether, turning from the witchery of sweet piquant faces and the fascinations of texture, she revelled in the dazzling colour of flowers—she is always dainty, graceful, and spirituelle. Madame Lemaire is 'the fashion' as an artist. She is also a woman of fashion in the best sense. She appears at entertainments, at first night performances, at the opening of exhibitions; she is everywhere, as well as at home, indefatigable and gracious. In her there are two women: the woman of the drawing room, who smiles at compliments, and the atelier woman, who will not listen to them."

Milly had closely followed her work both as a colourist and as an illustrator; she desired nothing more ambitious than to imitate it; what wonder, then, that she was won over to be the count's ally by this powerful bribe? To meet Madame Lemaire, to watch her paint, to chat with her familiarly! Professor Waite had shown himself unworthy of her championship, and Milly went over to the enemy,

and begged Adelaide to accept the countess' invitation for her sake.

And Adelaide accepted it. She had listened to Winnie's protest before going, but it had come too late to make any change in her plans. Apparently she believed that Winnie was entirely mistaken, or that she had some personal motive for attempting to persuade her to give up the visit. Nevertheless the protest had had its weight, and Adelaide was slowly revolving in her mind the question, whether it was possible that Angèle and the count loved each other, and that the count was only seeking her hand on account of her money. She felt that she could best ascertain the truth by visiting in the family. The count was most assiduous in his attentions. Every look and gesture seemed to betoken his admiration for herself. Could it be possible that he was playing a double part? And this apparently passionless, indifferent girl, was she really a hypocrite, or the martyr that Winnie imagined? If so, they could not hide it from her at the château.

Winnie's interference had only strengthened Adelaide's determination, and before we left for Fontainebleau, Mrs. Van Silver and Milly, Adelaide and her father, were installed in the

old home of the La Tour du Pèlerins. A few restorations had been hastily effected, sufficient to allow of the occupancy of a part of the château, now that the days and nights were so warm that such trifles were not minded as gaping seams in the casements of doors and windows, a roof that let in rain upon the upper story, where a canvas was stretched to prevent its penetrating into the occupied bedrooms on the next floor.

It was a fascinating edifice ; the floors were of red tiles, and uncarpeted with the exception of madame's boudoir, where the fauteuils were upholstered in tent stitch of her own working. The dining room was hung with tapestry and armour ; the hall, with its ancestral portraits, had an air of distinction ; but the grand salon, with its high studded ceiling, from which the stucco had dropped its icicle-like lustres, its mirrors dimmed by dampness, its white paint yellowed with age, and its tarnished gilding, its scanty furniture, still wisely kept under linen covers to hide the tattered condition of the satin, formed an ensemble which gave Adelaide a chill, even on the brightest day. She never ventured farther than the threshold, and caught herself thinking, "It will take a great deal of planning to put enough warmth

and colour into that room to make it *livable*. I shall ask Madame Lemaire's opinion about it when she arrives." And then she instantly retracted the intention. Had it come to this? Had she already unconsciously planned surrender?

For Adelaide had told herself that she had not really decided that she would marry the count, even if it were proved that he really loved her, and she had never seriously asked herself the question whether she loved him. She was simply drifting in an aimless way, and waiting to see what would happen.

She tried at once to make a friend of Angèle, making the young French girl her guide, and by asking her many questions about the house and the family, endeavouring to draw her out.

The old portraits in the hall formed the best material for this endeavour. There was one, a pastel, by Rosalba Carriera, of some sweet-faced ancestress, a blonde with flaxen hair, pearls in her ears, and diaphanous muslin crossed over her snowy breast.

"We call her the ghost lady," Angèle said as Adelaide paused before it. "The other portraits are in oil, and have blackened, but Rosalba Carriera loved white and very light tones, and this pastel is as fresh now as when

she painted it on her visit to Paris, when Louis XV. was a boy."

"I really must go to Venice, to Rosalba's most celebrated work," Adelaide said. "It is strange that a Venetian lady should have introduced this loveliest expression of the art of pastel painting to the French artists. This portrait must be very valuable as a work of art. Can you tell me the history of the lady whom it represents?"

"Only that she bore my name, and that she was unhappy, and became an Ursuline nun. The women of our house are quite accustomed to being unhappy. I sometimes fancy that the lustres in the salon are formed by their frozen tears. The bits of glass which form the pendants are many of them tear-shaped, and they tinkle with the slightest vibration; you have only to walk across the room to set them all shivering and crying. Ah! that little cry of the rusty wires against the glass—it gives me cold shudders and sets my teeth on edge; I cannot bear it. Dagobert, on the contrary, likes to hear them ring out. He would jump up and down beneath them when a boy, to set them all chiming. He says now that to him they seem to hold the echoes of the *cliquitis* of all the wine-glasses that have



clinked to jolly toasts beneath them, but to me they are as the poet, Georges Robenbach, has expressed it, 'grands reliquaires pleins d'invisibles pleurs, captifs dans le cristal ! ' "

Madame Lemaire arrived and worked in the garden, painting from a charming little blond model quaintly costumed in a long brocade dress. Milly was fascinated, and followed the great painter about adoringly. Angèle was too busy now to give much of her time to Adelaide, for she was the housekeeper, and all the care of catering for these unaccustomed guests devolved upon her. Adelaide followed her, sometimes, into the kitchen, which was really one of the most interesting apartments in the château. It had a cavernous hooded range, decorated with blue and white tiles, and set with little square depressions, where an individual fire of charcoal was kindled for each dish. There was a mechanical spit on which the joints were roasted, and along the wall were arranged rows on rows of copper *casseroles*, or stewpans, of every size, polished as highly as the shields of the dead and gone du Pèlerins. There was a dresser, too, set with brightly decorated Auvergne pottery, and the *chef*, in his white cap and apron,

cutting up carrots and cabbage for the *pot-au-feu*, formed a picture which she longed to paint, though she never quite dared to invade his sacred domain with easel and canvas.

For the *chef* was a mighty man in his department, and could bake the most appetising little cakes, as well as concoct every sauce known to the Parisian gourmet, from the familiar mayonnaise and the simple but delicious Hollandaise to more complicated dishes with strange admixtures of garlic, truffles, and *finest herbes hachées*. No Vatel ever prided himself more on his flavouring than Prospère. He could never be prevailed upon to omit garlic, though Adelaide confessed to him that she could not conquer her prejudice against it.

"Seulement un soupçon," he would say coaxingly, "bien déguisé avec des oignons et d'autres choses."

It was in vain. The suspicion of garlic was never well enough disguised to be endurable to Adelaide, though Madame la Comtesse pronounced the sauce *exquis*! Prospère came from Bayonne, and his fish were always well served. Sometimes it was only *maquereau à la crème*, sometimes the uncanny tentacles of a species of octopus, fried crisp in olive oil, or boiled sea peri-

winkles to be eaten with *sauce tartare*; and these delicacies the American guests enjoyed. At Mr. Armstrong's request Prospère one day made a *bouillabaisse*, which Thackeray describes in mouth-watering verse.

"This bouillabaisse a noble dish is—  
A sort of soup, or broth, or brew,  
Or hotchpotch of all sorts of fishes,  
That Greenwich never could outdo;  
Green herbs, red peppers, mussels saffern,  
Soles, onions, garlic, roach, and dace,  
All these you got at Tarré's tavern  
In that one dish of bouillabaisse."

Prospère was said to be an adept in its making, but Mr. Armstrong could not understand Thackeray's enthusiasm, and thought that he would never have written the poem had he had the good fortune to contrast it with a Plymouth chowder.

The wines brought from *cuvées* in the cellar were old and choice—Burgundies of celebrated vintages, and champagnes with ancient dates upon their corks, the bottles so bearded with cobwebs that they resembled Capuchin friars.

Adelaide surprised her hostess by never taking wine, an eccentricity which the worthy woman could never understand. She lifted her hands in horror at the idea of drinking

simple water, and always insisted on dropping a few cubes of sugar and a little dash of orange-flower water in her glass, making an insipid beverage which Adelaide politely swallowed rather than give offence.

In spite of her efforts to be at accord with the family, and theirs to please her, Adelaide found life at the château dull, and French ways jarring to her own habits and ideas. The count soon exhausted the topics of conversation which were of mutual interest. They found themselves sitting for long intervals in silence, or walking in the park for an hour with hardly the exchange of a remark.

There is a silence of perfect confidence where two souls have become so perfectly attuned that they do not need the common-places of conversation with which to exchange thoughts: They understand each other so completely that they do not miss chit-chat, and are hardly conscious that they are silent. But this was not the case with Adelaide and the count. Each felt the necessity of entertaining the other, and the wearisomeness of it. When conversation flagged it was because neither could think of anything to say, and the same mental query occurred to each:

"Will it be like this always? I can imagine nothing more tiresome."

And yet with her sharpest scrutiny Adelaide was not able to detect any unfaithfulness in her lover. He was always most assiduous, evidently doing his best to please her, and he hardly noticed his cousin. If any affection existed, Adelaide was sure it was all on her side. Once when his manner had been more than usually lover-like Adelaide had seen Angèle change colour and suddenly leave the room. A moment later Adelaide, who was sitting by one of the long windows, saw her flee across the courtyard and enter the stable. "My lady is going to relieve her mind by a brisk canter," thought Adelaide; but, though she waited for some minutes, Angèle did not appear. The count had strolled away, and, moved partly by curiosity, partly by a vague anxiety, Adelaide followed Angèle. There was no one in the stable-yard, no one within, but the cows quietly chewing their cuds in the stalls. Suddenly a wild shriek from the lofts above froze Adelaide's blood. It was unmistakably Angèle's voice. What had happened to her? Was it possible that, actuated by jealousy, she had taken her own life? Adelaide climbed the steep ladder and found her-

self alone in a great haymow. But though Angèle was invisible, Adelaide could hear her singing, or rather shrieking, the wild chant of the demons :

“ La faridon don, la fari don daine,  
Come join in our fun, here we are again ;  
We are going to spoil the dwelling  
Of the blessed St. Antoine.  
List to our joyous yelling—  
What fun, what fun, what fun ! ”

Adelaide was now certain that Angèle had gone mad. The uncanny sounds proceeded from a sort of corn-bin partitioned off from the haymow, and creeping cautiously to it, Adelaide peered through the cracks.

What was her surprise to see the dignified Angèle seated on the floor amusing herself with dancing her puppets !

Adelaide watched her for a few moments with great disgust. Such childishness was certainly beneath contempt, and betokened anything but mental suffering. She slipped silently away and returned to the house, which Angèle entered a little later as coldly impassive as ever.

That evening Adelaide spoke to the count of his engineering studies, and asked him to explain to her his scheme for movable fortifications.

He brought his plans and models down and spread them on the dining-room table and she listened intelligently to his explanations.

"You are not surprised that I amuse myself in this way?" he asked.

"Certainly not. I should think that life without some absorbing interest would be flat, stale, and unprofitable."

"You are right," he replied. "I was not made for a *flaneur*, a *boulevardier*. My uncle, the general, is in the salon with your father; I wonder what he would think of my plans."

"I will call him," Adelaide said.

"Do not," the count replied, catching at her dress. "It would offend my mother. She thinks such amusement very childish in me."

"Your mother will be proud of you yet on this very account," Adelaide replied, smiling, and joining the other gentlemen she unwittingly interrupted an important council on the subject of "settlements." "Come, father," she said, putting her hand in her father's arm, "I want you and the general to see a remarkable invention of Count de la Tour's."

The two gentlemen followed her and were soon much interested in the scheme.

"With such talent as that," Adelaide asked,

"don't you think he could secure a position under government?"

"But certainly," the general replied, "I know of an office now for which he is exactly fitted, an office of honour and emolument; but it would require work, and Dagobert is not fond of that!"

"Am I not—in my specialty? Have I ever been tried? Give me, then, an opportunity of distinguishing myself, and I will make you to see."

The general coughed. "You are fitted for the position, but to secure it you will have to pay a larger sum than I think either you or your mother can do at present with entire convenience to yourselves."

Adelaide pressed her father's arm tightly, and her father kicked the general's foot under the table. It was his gouty foot, and the general made a horrible grimace, but he bore the torture like a martyr, for he understood the kick, as it was intended, to mean that Mr. Armstrong would pay the extra fifty thousand francs, over which they had not quite come to an agreement in the matter of the dowry.

"Then I am to understand," said the count bitterly, "that this office after all is beyond my reach?"



"*Mais non, mais non !*" replied his uncle. "*Sacré nom d'un petit chien de berger !* how one does suffer from gout at my age ! *Mais non, mais non !* If you want the position, I think we have influence."

"Of course you have," Adelaide insisted.

"Well, yes. I may say, if you want it, I can get it for you."

"What do you say to this, *ma mère ?* What do you say to this, Angèle ?" the count asked, beaming with pleasure at the two women, who looked on with only disapproval written on their countenances.

"I have nothing to say. It is nothing to me, and my opinion is nothing to you," Angèle replied ungraciously, walking back into the salon, and his mother answered coldly, "A Count de la Tour du Pèlerin has never taken office for money under a Republican government."

"No, madame," Adelaide replied warmly, "but under the grand monarque a count of your name left his château and lived in uncomfortable quarters at Versailles that he might accept a paid office, whose duties were but little removed from menial service. The times have changed and France has a different government now, and expects different duties from her sons."

A steely look came into the old lady's eyes. She did not like that expression of Adelaide's, "menial service," and would have spoken angrily had not Mr. Armstrong interrupted her.

"My daughter has offended you unintentionally," he said; "but it is true that *La Patrie* demands different services from her sons at different periods. This new invention of your son's may be of inestimable value to France in case of another war with the Prussians."

"Mr. Armstrong is right," added the general, "and if he and his daughter see nothing derogatory to Dagobert's dignity in accepting this office,—nay, even make it possible for him to obtain it,—I do not think that you, my sister, should stand in his way." The count had not comprehended this last sentence, but his mother understood at once that Mr. Armstrong proposed to purchase the office for him. It was a sacrifice without doubt to the family dignity, but was not this marriage in itself so great a sacrifice that a little more or less made no difference? If she objected to this plan negotiations might immediately cease, and the vicomtesse put on the best face possible.

"Since Mr. Armstrong and his daughter,

and your uncle, all counsel you to this step, I have nothing to say against it."

"Hold yourself in readiness to be summoned to your new duties at any moment," said the general as he took his departure.

Adelaide bade her lover good-night on the staircase. He had never looked so handsome to her or so happy. "A new life begins for me to-night," he said. "I thank you for adding your arguments to mine. I shall begin now to be a man."

With all his gratitude, Adelaide saw that he did not realise that it was her money as well as her argument which had secured for him his heart's desire. "He shall not know it, if I can help it," she said to herself; "it would make him less a man." She took her candle and retired to her stuffy little bedroom with its cretonne hangings, and sat for a long time by the open window thinking.

"I really believe," she said to herself at last, "that I can learn to like him. There is the making of something in him, and now that he has the opportunity we shall see what it is."

Mr. Armstrong had retired, and Dagobert had formally kissed his mother on both cheeks as she went up to her room; and he sat down

again before his plans to think, not of these immediate inventions, but of the future that was opening before him. For the first time in his life he would be independent, the maker of his own fortune, as none of his race had really been before—except the founder, who rode away to the Crusades with St. Louis. Suddenly from the ghostly lustres in the salon there rang a chime as though all his ancestors were celebrating his coming of age by the clinking of glasses. This was his first thought, his second, “There is someone in the salon,” and he threw open the door. It was Angèle, who was waiting for everyone to go away before passing through the room, and who was now discovered, her eyes very red with weeping.

He caught her hand. “Why do you weep, dear cousin? Do you not see that this makes me free to do what I will? I need no longer marry for money. I am free. This salary will be enough to gradually pay off the mortgages and to support us all; modestly, it is true, but not with more economy than we have been accustomed to practising. I need not marry this rich *Américaine*. I am free to marry the girl I love. And it is you, Angèle, it is you. It has always been you; it can never be anyone else.”

With one wild effort Angèle tore herself from him, rushed to her own room, locked the door, and threw herself panting upon the bed.

Oh, blessed Mother of Mercies, why must it be so hard? As long as Dagobert had seemed not to love her she could hide her own feelings, but now she knew she could no longer do so; she must go away where he would never find her again, for she was as determined as ever that he should not sacrifice himself for her. If she was lost, if he thought her dead, he would forget her, and this advantageous marriage, on which his mother had set her heart, would still take place. She hurriedly slipped a few articles into a bag, and descended a winding staircase in the *tourelle*.

Adelaide saw her cross the courtyard in the moonlight, and enter the stable. "There goes that giddy-headed girl," she thought, "to have a dance with her demons."

The family took their early breakfast of rolls and coffee in their own rooms, and did not meet until the *déjeuner à la fourchette* at eleven o'clock. Here Angèle's absence was remarked, and she was sought for in and out of the château. Her bed had not been touched. There was no note to explain her

absence. Madame la Vicomtesse and her son were visibly anxious.

Adelaide had a simple explanation for her own mind. Angèle had fallen asleep while manipulating her puppets, and Adelaide stole out of the house and up to the grenier, only to find the place deserted—not a sign of the toy theatre, except a tiny pitchfork let fall by one of the demons, to tell her that the scene which she had witnessed here was not a dream or a figment of her imagination.

As Adelaide descended the ladder she met Dagobert's valet, Zizi's father, coming into the stable with a white face. He hesitated, as though convicted in a fault, when he saw where Adelaide had been.

"Mademoiselle Angèle, then, confided to mademoiselle her droll manner of amusing herself?" he said.

Adelaide did not reply to his question. "The marionettes are not there," she said. "Where do you think she has gone?"

"The marionettes are not there!" he repeated in a dazed way, rushing up the ladder to verify the truth of the statement, and returning with consternation written on his countenance. "Mademoiselle Angèle has without doubt destroyed herself. The marionettes

were her only consolation in life. Many a time she has said to me, 'I could not live without them.'"

The idea that Angèle had made away with herself and the puppets at the same time had in it an element of the absurd to Adelaide. She could not believe that the mystery had so tragical an explanation. Had she known of Zizi's friendship for Angèle, she would have had a clue to the mystery, but as it was, she was quite in the dark. She returned to the château to find Madame la Vicomtesse in hysterics and Dagobert in a far more distracted condition than was explainable by the warmest cousinly affection. She wandered into the salon to be alone and to think. As she sat there she heard a faint, far-away sigh. She started to her feet and listened acutely. There it was again—a shuddering, vibrant cry, like that of a spirit in pain. She looked behind the fauteuils, and then smiled, for her own quick movements had set in vibration the prism-like pendants of the lustre, and what she heard was only the shuddering sound of the "*invisibles pleurs, captifs dans le cristal.*"

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE LION'S BRIDE.



UMMER had come, and Winnie and I were very busy. We were occupied not only in making the posters which were to decorate the exterior of Monsieur Sarnier's tent the coming season, and the "back drop" for the Hermitage of St. Antoine, representing a scene in the forest of Fontainebleau, but Winnie had become very much interested in drawing and painting the animals for her own amusement and instruction.

"I shall never have such an opportunity again," she said, "and I mean to make hay while the sun shines."

One day a delightful thing happened. A pony phaeton stopped before the Variétés Amusantes, and a lady with short gray hair



alighted and regarded our picture of Othello and Desdemona with interest.

“ Entrez, madame,  
Voilà la séance,  
Madame, qui commence ;  
Entrez, c'est le moment ! ”

chanted Zizi's uncle.

“ But no,” objected the lady. “ I love dogs, but I love better to see them well painted. I have heard of the ladies who made that picture, and I have come to see them.”

“ *Ah! ça,*” replied the clown. “ It is not the first time that I have said that placard is too well painted. It draws attention away from our show instead of to it. But if madame wishes to see *ces dames*, they are in Monsieur Sarnier's tent painting his beasts; but it is not the moment when he admits the public; it is useless for madame to attempt——”

“ Monsieur Sarnier knows me,” said the lady; “ I bought a dead lion of him not long ago.”

“ *Par exemple!*” exclaimed the clown; “ *quel drôle d'appétit;* and how did madame have him served? Roasted as a *pièce de résistance* without doubt. Was it perhaps during the siege, when they sold the beasts at the

Jardin des Plantes, that madame acquired a taste for such kind of beefsteak?"

The latter part of his remarks was lost upon the lady, who dauntlessly lifted the entrance curtain, and, much to the clown's surprise, was greeted effusively by Monsieur Sarnier.

We hardly recognised Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur costumed *en dame*. She was as perfectly the lady as she had been apparently the simple peasant. She criticised, even praised Winnie's work, took the charcoal from her hand, and rapidly sketched the head of the old lioness with her vindictive snarl.

"It is time for the rehearsal now," said Le Maladroit, Madame Bertier's son, who acted as assistant to the dompteur. Le Maladroit was a clumsy little peasant, only differentiated from other boys who wore blue blouses and wooden shoes by an old military cap which had once been his father's, and by the habit of continually doing the wrong thing, which had given him his nickname.

"It is the hour of the rehearsal," he insisted, "and these ladies must retire."

"Not madame," said Monsieur Sarnier. "I am training a pupil who is *vraiment*

*remarquable.* She will be pleased to have you see her exercise the beasts."

"And my friends may remain also?"

"Since mademoiselle asks it."

We were prepared for a surprise, but not to recognise Angèle in the spangled queen of the arena. She was also disconcerted; a blush came to her face and she bit her lips, but she went through her performance unfalteringly.

Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur did not care for it. "I do not like to see the poor beasts so plagued," she said to me. "It would serve that girl right if that great lion should snap her head off some time when she puts her face in his jaws. The poor lion, if we could see him in the desert, how different he would look! You must go to Algiers some day. You will go there, and you will paint real lions before they have been turned into poodles."

"Do you think I can paint animals?" Winnie asked, exalted.

"But certainly. Bring me your work from time to time while you are in Fontainebleau, and I will criticise it."

She was gone, and Winnie was in the seventh heaven of rapture, for it was to Winnie and not to me that this good fortune had

fallen. Mademoiselle had only said on looking at my work: "You will make a portrait painter, but you need to have your sitter pose for you. You are not quick, alert enough, to catch the most expressive movements of wild beasts. You should sit down before some quiet, contemplative ox, who would ask nothing better than to lie still all day."

Angèle came to us after the rehearsal. "I did not mean that you should see me until after my *début*," she said. "However, it is to take place so soon now that it does not signify. Only you must promise, sacredly promise, that you will never let my relatives know where I am."

Winnie gave the promise at once, but I demurred. "If we had not seen you just now we should still have known you on your first public appearance," I said, "and you could not then have exacted any promise from us."

Angèle flashed into such a passion that I was positively frightened. "I will die rather than go back," she asserted. "If you inform on me you will be a traitor, a *misérable*."

"Promise, promise," Winnie pleaded. "If the poor child was so miserable with her high-born relatives, she ought not to be compelled to stay with them."

Very reluctantly I gave the required promise, and most sincerely did I regret it afterward. For a time, however, it seemed as if the only result of our discovery of Angèle was to make our daily life much more agreeable. She was with us when not engaged with her studies, as she called the exercises with wild beasts. She was very fond of Winnie, and though never communicative in regard to her own feelings, we guessed the reason she had left her friends when she told us of Adelaide's visit to the château. According to Angèle's understanding of the situation Adelaide was formally betrothed to the count, and their marriage was soon to take place.

Winnie was very indignant. "It is a crime for Adelaide to marry that man," she said to me; "a crime to herself, to Professor Waite, to the count, and to Angèle, but what can I do?"

"Nothing," I replied; "you interfered once, and you effected nothing except to precipitate her action. I do not see that you can do anything but let matters take their course."

Winnie assented grudgingly, and since she did not see her way to straightening out this particular tangle, looked about her, in her energetic fashion, to find how she could help

those about her. The actors and performers in the little troop, with few exceptions, were honest, industrious, and kindly people. The cross-eyed prestidigitateur was a gossip and ill-natured, but strictly respectable. The handsome contortionist was said to be dissipated, but he was such a good-natured, kind-hearted fellow that everyone liked him. Of the women Zizi's fault was that she was slatternly. The contortionist's wife, on the contrary, was a model housekeeper, and kept her small *roulotte*, or house on wheels, in admirable order. The prestidigitateur said that it was because she was always scrubbing that Hypolite took refuge in the cabarets. "What would you have? A man who must balance a ladder on his chin, and his little daughter on top of the ladder, must not have a stiff neck." Madame Hypolite was so industrious that she washed her husband's tights when the *roulotte* was jogging along the *grande route* between the stopping places, and they fluttered, while drying, from a pole on the roof, like some forked pennant from the mast of a vessel.

There was an old actor in the troop, little wizened Monsieur Lebeau, who played in the orchestra and managed a ballet of four, who was a man of some education. He had acted

in Parisian theatres in his youth, and he was fond of Corneille and Molière. Of Molière especially. He had tried to produce some of his comedies in his travelling theatre, always to his own financial disaster, and he had at last given up the effort to reform public taste; but on one evening, when for some reason there was no performance, he invited the members of the company to hear him read from Molière's plays. Winnie and I enjoyed the occasion very much. As explained by the old actor, the plays took on a new meaning. I had always looked upon Molière as a dramatist, and had not thought of him as a strolling player, until Monsieur Lebeau, with a sort of proud *camaraderie*, dwelt on this aspect of his life, and insisted that there might be among us some genius, as yet unappreciated, who would achieve like distinction.

We pitied most the children of the troop, who were being brought up without any education except of a professional nature, for the contortionist was training his little daughter as a gymnast, and she was constantly practising on the tight rope when her mother was not using it for a clothes line. Monsieur Sarnier was a widower, and his four daughters

formed Monsieur Lebeau's ballet, for their father did not care to educate them to his own perilous profession. His wife had assisted him, but a lion having become refractory, Monsieur Sarnier had endeavoured to shoot it, had missed his aim, and killed his wife instead.

"It is not all of us," the malicious prestidigitateur always remarked in repeating this story, "it is not all of us who have such a good excuse for killing our wives." But the prestidigitateur was an old bachelor, and everyone attributed his malice to the fact that the serpent enchantress had refused him early in life. "And it is not to be wondered at," the clown would say; "for who would not prefer the embraces of a snake to those of that prodigy of ugliness?"

Winnie gathered Monsieur Sarnier's daughters and the other children of the troop together for an hour every evening, when it was too late to paint, and gave them lessons. They read to her, and she to them, simple stories which she ordered from the McCall Mission. The children drank them in eagerly, and I have no doubt, with the stories, many an inspiration to being loving and helpful. They noticed the tiny silver cross which she



wore, and Winnie took from her trunk other similar crosses and founded among the children of the mountebanks a circle of King's Daughters and King's Sons. She taught them to render knightly service to their mothers and to all weak women ; to be kind to helpless animals, to be truthful above all things, and honest and unselfish. We saw some fruits of this teaching in sturdy little Victor Amédée's carrying Mère Babette's fagots for her clear from the forest to her cottage, and Fifine, the baker's daughter, brought pieces of stale bread around every morning and fed the old horses that dragged the *roulottes*.

In this way Winnie strove to strengthen her own heart, for she had her troubles too, though she never spoke of them and whistled as merrily as a blackbird at her painting. "Continual dropping will wear away a stone," and Mrs. Van Silver's letters were beginning to have their effect upon her son. He was uneasy, jealous, unhappy, and something of his unhappiness showed itself in one of his letters, then suddenly they ceased. It was two weeks since Winnie had heard from him. Not a very long time to be sure, but Van had been accustomed to write every day, and to post his letters twice a week.

What could it mean? Winnie had written twice, three times, and then from sheer self-respect had waited.

The Italians have a proverb, "To lie at night and sleep not, to wait for him who comes not, to serve well and please not are three things to die of," and all three were happening to Winnie.

One day a letter came to her from Adelaide :

PARIS.

MY DARLING WINNIE :

Where in the world are you? I must see you. I have been to your old studio in the Rue de l'Université but Anatole could not tell where you had gone, though he said the postman would know where to send your letters. We waited for the postman a long time but he did not come, and so I send this to the studio in the hope that Anatole will give it to him, and that you will receive it.

I say *we* waited, for someone else is here in Paris, very anxious to see you. Can you imagine who he is? Mr. Van Silver was with us, and I am sorry for it, for Anatole told a nonsensical rigmarole about your having driven off with the Count de la Tour du Pèlerin. I knew this could not be true, for the count was with us at the château at the time, and I faced him down, but the wretch insisted that if the count was not with you he had at least sent his equipage for you, and that it was his old confidential valet who put your trunks on and who drove. What made it worse was that he had quite the air of telling the truth, seemed very loyal to you, and said that

it was doubtless all right, and that you had probably gone to visit with the count's mother at the château.

"Doubtless," Mrs. Van Silver said in that disagreeable pursed up way which she knows how to assume, but she knew, and I knew, that this could not be the case, for we had just returned from Touraine. Then, turning to her son, Mrs. Van Silver said, "I hope, Van, that you are *now* satisfied." I am happy to say that the youth replied with considerable spirit, "No, mother; and I shall not be satisfied until Winnie tells me with her own lips that she prefers someone else to me."

Now, Winnie, dear, you see how necessary it is that we should find you, not only for Van's peace of mind but for mine as well. I treated you very unkindly at our last meeting, and I want to beg your pardon and to tell you—but I cannot do it by letter. We must be side by side with our arms about one another as in the old days. Only this much I will say—you were quite right about the count and Angèle. They did love each other, and now she is lost, we fear dead, and I would give anything if I had taken your advice and had not gone to Touraine.

Your loving, unhappy

ADELAIDE.

"Now, what is to be done?" asked Winnie.

"Write to Van at once," I replied.

"Yes, yes, of course!" she answered impatiently, as though this were a minor consideration. "But how am I to let the count know that Angèle is alive and here without breaking my promise?"

"Let me see, what was the promise? Only never to tell Angèle's relatives her whereabouts. Write to Adelaide to come here and attend Angèle's *début* as a *domp-teuse*, and she will discover her herself."

"I don't know. Angèle has disguised herself very cleverly. I asked her if she was not afraid some of her people would recognise her, and she said the countess herself could not know her in her performing costume. Besides, neither the count nor his mother could be induced to set foot inside anything so plebeian as a show of this kind."

This seemed, after all, the only thing to be done, and Winnie wrote to Adelaide, telling her of our life at Fontainebleau, and how it all came about. She also enclosed a programme in which Monsieur Sarnier announced this new attraction. Adelaide must see this performance, Winnie insisted, and if possible, must induce the count to accompany her. This was all she could allow herself to say, and we had many misgivings as to whether either the count or Adelaide would come.

Winnie wrote to Van, too, but she guilelessly sent the letter to the care of his mother, and that lady felt it her duty not to deliver it.

The young man, having learned from Milly

that Winnie was interested in impressionism, posted off to Giverny the day that Adelaide received Winnie's letter, and wasted much time in searching for her among the disciples of Monet.

The eventful day of Angèle's first appearance came at last. She had been heralded on the posters as a Bengalese princess. A wonderful story had been put in circulation that while travelling through the jungles the royal train had been attacked by lions, the palanquin bearers had saved themselves by flight, but the queen had been killed and the infant princess carried off by a lioness, who brought her up with her own cubs. Lately an explorer had discovered this strange family, and had brought it to France, and Monsieur Sarnier had obtained both the princess and the lions for his exhibition. Much was said of the docility of the lions, of the ferocity of the wild princess, and of their affection for each other.

No one seemed to be responsible for these stories. Monsieur Sarnier shrugged his shoulders when appealed to.

"What will you have? People will invent romances, as well one as another. I neither affirm nor deny, but since they will have it

that she is an Indian princess I will do my best to convert her into one."

Angèle's costume was an adaptation and combination of several Oriental designs. It would hardly have been recognised by any Indian tribe as its own, but it was picturesque, and as she had darkened her complexion, the disguise was complete.

I had my suspicions that Zizi's uncle was the originator of the farrago of nonsense which had been circulated in regard to Angèle. Certainly, when he did his best, no one could lie more magnificently than the clown. The stories of the "Arabian Nights" were as nothing to the superb flight of his imagination. I listened one afternoon to the interrogations of some simple peasants.

"And this princess," they asked, "she does not speak French?"

"Not even her own language," the clown replied, with more truth than usual. "I declare to you solemnly that she has become so wild that she cannot speak even one word of Bengalese."

"*Tiens, mais c'est étonnant!* What does she then speak, the *patois* of the lions?"

"Without doubt, and a learned professor of the French Academy has offered Monsieur Sar-

nier untold sums ["untold sums" was strictly true] if he will allow the princess to give him lessons in this lion's language. It would be a great thing for the explorers, you see, when they go out to Africa. They would have only to shout in the lion's language: 'Hold, we are your friends! You make a great mistake, messieurs the lions, in killing us; help us, instead, to kill these beggarly Arabs, and we will present you with droves of sheep and oxen.' Fancy a moment what a great thing that would be. Regiments of lions enlisted to help us fight the Arabs, and not the Arabs alone, but the English, and all other claimants to the country. Let your imagination rove over that boundless prospect: *n'est ce pas que c'est incroyable, impossible!*" And in these final superlatives Zizi's uncle had again struck the keynote of perfect truth.

We were not in the habit of attending the public exhibitions of Monsieur Sarnier's feats, but for this occasion he had arranged us seats in the space which corresponded to that occupied by the orchestra of an ordinary theatre. We sat a little below the audience, and quite near the cages, which were ranged along the stage. The central cage was larger than the others, and was used for the performance,

while the smaller cages on each side communicated with it by means of sliding gates manipulated by chains. These chains were under the care of Le Maladroit, who sat beside us, and who opened and closed the gates corresponding to the exits and entrances indicated on the programme. He had been very carefully drilled in this duty, which he performed like an automaton, and had never made a mistake. He knew that a pull of chain No. 1 admitted the bear cubs, and that after their antics were over, and they had been driven to their lair, chain No. 2 would close the gate, then No. 3 was to be pulled, and the young lions would be exercised by Monsieur Sarnier. Then chain No. 4 would close the young lions' cage and No. 5 would allow Abdallah to enter, and the false princess would perform her grand act. After this chain No. 6 must be pulled to shut up Abdallah, and No. 7 would open the cage occupied by the old lioness, and the dompteur would peril his life for three minutes. Wooden handles were attached to the chains, and on the handles were chalked the numbers. Nothing could have induced Le Maladroit to pull them in different sequence, or to close a gate until the performing beast had finished its act and



retired to its cage. It was on this unreasoning exactitude, the working of a machine, that the dompteur relied for safety in his dangerous feats.

We were in a fever of impatience and anxiety. Would Adelaide and the count come? Our heads gyrated like weathercocks and we eagerly scanned the audience. The cubs had finished their rôle, and still our friends had not come. But there were four reserved seats vacant in the best part of the house, and just as Monsieur Sarnier acknowledged a roar of applause, and cracking his lithe trainer's whip began to put the young lions through the paces of their quadrille, Mrs. Van Silver and Adelaide entered, escorted by two gentlemen.

I saw that one was the count, but I did not understand why Winnie shrank into her corner quite out of sight, and pulled my dress to make me do the same, until she whispered, "Do you not see? it is Van. I am so glad. He has come, and all will be right; only I would rather not see him first here."

I looked again—Winnie was right, that young New Yorker in the light gray summer suit was unmistakably Mr. Van Silver. He was uneasy, and looked thin and troubled.

He scanned the audience in an eager expectant way, but paid no attention to the performance upon the stage. In obedience to Winnie's pulls and nudges, I settled down by her side before he discovered us. The quadrille never seemed so long. Something was the matter with the lions, and they were unusually refractory. It was possibly the unusual heat of the day, but even the inspiring strains of "La Fille de Madame Angot" did not quicken their pace. Very authoritatively Monsieur Sarnier shouted his calls: "*Changez place!*" It was necessary to accompany his orders with a crack of his whip, and even to apply it vigorously to maintain discipline.

At each sound of the whip the lioness, who was pacing the cage restlessly, answered with a roar. She seemed to know that her whelps were being teased, and it roused her to fury. She bit at her bars, and lunged heavily at the closed door.

"Madame n'est pas en bonne humeur aujourd'hui," remarked several old habitués in the audience. "The dompteur will have his hands full when it is time to make her dance."

I was glad to see that the only effect which the heat had upon Abdallah was to make him

sleepy. He was dozing quietly in his cage when Angèle made her appearance.

I looked stealthily at the count ; he did not recognise her, and I could not wonder, for her black wig was braided in a multitude of little Nubian-like tresses, which, perfumed with some permeating Oriental odor, fell around her like a long fringe. Her eyebrows were darkened with kohl. She wore a profusion of serpent-shaped armlets and bangled bracelets ; there were even bangled rings on all her fingers, strings of jingling sequins were bound about her forehead, and necklaces of coloured beads and pendent scarabs fell upon her bosom. Her robe was a bewildering haze of gauzy stuffs, green, spangled with golden stars, with a jacket heavily wrought in gold, and fluttering sashes and scarfs of old rose. She held a tambourine high above her head, and beat upon it, swaying gracefully. It was the signal for Abdallah to enter, but though his gate was open he preferred to sleep, and only winked drowsily, until the dompteur, passing in front of his cage, stirred him up with a long pike. Then he rose deliberately, and uttering a long, yawning howl, which seemed still more to excite the lioness, trotted docilely into the performing cage,

and allowed himself to be put through his paces.

It was only what we had often seen before, and, though sufficiently alarming to strangers, Winnie and I felt that Angèle was quite safe.

Abdallah allowed her to seat herself upon him in the attitude of Una and the lioness; and marched about the cage in this way, though Angèle partially supported her weight on one foot, for Abdallah was old and feeble. He lay down, and Angèle used him as a pillow. He sprang up at her order, and leaped backward and forward through an iron hoop surrounded with snapping fireworks, which was held through the bars of the cage by the dompteur. Angèle even pointed a gun at him and fired blank cartridges, and the old sergeant never stirred. He stood on his hind feet and clumsily danced with her. He told fortunes and answered questions, which were translated by the dompteur by pointing out cards, and he allowed Angèle to give him a piece of meat and to take it from his mouth without resentment.

This last feat excited uproarious applause, as well it might if it had been a genuine one, for it is well known that animals of the cat kind will stand anything rather than be tanta-

lised while feeding. But Abdallah was surfeited, and the sanguinary appearing beefsteak was made of india rubber, cleverly painted; and though the audience mistook it for meat, he never did, and was far more willing to give it up than to hold it in his mouth.

At last came the *star* act. Abdallah held his jaws wide open and Angèle placed her face within them. A young man in the audience, moved either by curiosity or anxiety, left his seat and stood beside us, drawing a long breath of relief when Angèle removed her face uninjured, and gracefully made her acknowledgments of the applause.

"Well, she has done that foolish thing once more," said Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur, for it was she, and the noted artist turned to Winnie and greeted her cordially. "I was driving by," she said, "and I stopped to see if you would go home and dine with me."

While Winnie's attention had been taken up by the great artist I had been watching our friends. The count sat staring at Angèle in a dazed, fascinated way, which told that he had penetrated her disguise. He turned very pale, and leaned forward with intense anxiety written on his face when she performed the last perilous-appearing act.

Adelaide watched him almost as keenly as he followed the movements of Angèle, but it was with a pleased, triumphant expression, as though something was about to happen which gave her great satisfaction. Van too had recognised Winnie, and was making his way toward us through the crowd. He waved his hand to me, but I had not time to recognise the salute when a frightened cry arose from the audience, "*La lionne ! La lionne !*"

Turning, I saw that Le Maladroit, true to his machinelike accuracy, had made a frightful mistake. Abdallah had been returned to his cage, but the audience would not allow Angèle to retire. The applause continued and increased. She bowed and retreated, but they became quite frantic and demanded an encore. Monsieur Sarnier came to the front and explained that the princess was weary, but they would not be satisfied, and at last Monsieur Sarnier announced that their desire would be gratified, the princess would repeat her grand act, and bowing right and left he disappeared.

Angèle stood quietly expecting the entrance of Abdallah, but Le Maladroit neither looked at the stage nor had he listened to Monsieur Sarnier's remarks. He knew only that,

according to the regular programme, it was time for the entrance of the lioness, and he pulled chain No. 7.

With a bound the nervous, excited beast sprang into the performing cage. Angèle surprised, frightened, flinched visibly, and that terrible cry of "The lioness!" arose from the audience. Angèle's betrayal of alarm lasted but for an instant. She stamped her foot imperiously and with an authoritative gesture commanded the lioness, "Back." For a moment it seemed as if the creature were about to obey. She moved backward with a crouching, half sidewise motion until almost within the opening of her cage. Then she crouched and regarded Angèle with ferocious, angry eyes, her great tail softly lashing her tawny sides. It was plain now she was not in the least intimidated, and had retreated only to have the better opportunity to spring.

The count leaped to his feet and uttered a heart-broken cry "Angèle," but he was powerless to help, and she waved him a silent farewell, never taking her eyes from those of the terrible animal. Monsieur Sarnier rushed to the cage, but turned back for his pistols. Le Maladroit realised his fatal mistake, and sat pet-

rified. Only Winnie was alert, and, snatching the chains from Le Maladroit's nerveless fingers, she watched her opportunity, and when the lioness' tail, in its slow swishing, lay just under the iron gate, Winnie gave the last chain a decisive jerk, and the heavy gate fell upon it. The lioness, feeling herself entrapped, struggled powerfully, but was securely held, and Angèle was saved. One great sinewy paw was thrust through the grating, and a claw caught Winnie's sleeve, but Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur lifted her as she fell fainting from the reaction of strong feeling, and the arm within the sleeve was not even scratched. Together we carried Winnie through a side exit into the open air. Van came up just in time to see us help Winnie into mademoiselle's phaeton, I seated by the driver, and Winnie supported by her friend. For the moment I could not understand Van's look of indignation as he laid his hand on Winnie's arm and asked mademoiselle discourteously, "What right have you to carry off this young lady in this way?"

"The right of affection, young man," our patroness replied. "I am taking her to my château with her own consent." The carriage had started, and Winnie, who had not



recovered complete consciousness, did not reply. I called back cheerfully, "It is all right, Mr. Van Silver. Winnie will see you and explain."

"It is not necessary," he replied bitterly, and we were quite out of sight before I comprehended that he had taken Rosa Bonheur in her frock coat and soft hat for a rival. I laughed aloud, and the laugh and the motion in the open air revived Winnie. She sat up and I told her what had happened, but she was not so amused as I hoped she would be. She turned to mademoiselle, and explained that there were friends of hers in the audience to whom she must return.

I fancied that our patroness was a little piqued. She did not ordinarily care for Americans, and she has probably never shown another young student the attention which she had lavished on Winnie.

"Do I understand," she asked, "that you decline my invitation to dine with me this afternoon?"

"I must, dear mademoiselle, though it breaks my heart to do so."

We were not over a mile from the mountebank encampment, and Rosa Bonheur did not offer to drive back with us. She simply

ordered the phaeton stopped, and allowed us to alight. It may be that she knew that she was late to dinner, and as she was herself a good walker, she did not think that the walk could make any difference to us, but I shall always think she was also a little annoyed.

We walked back as quickly as we could, but when we reached Monsieur Sarnier's tent our friends had departed. Zizi was voluble, but incoherent; Monsieur Sarnier calm, but uncommunicative, and it was some little time before we could understand the real facts in the case. It seemed that as soon as Angèle retired from the performing cage she was met at the rear by Adelaide and the count, who carried her off between them. They would not even wait for her to change her costume, but Adelaide had thrown her long silk travelling wrap about her, and pulled its Capuchin hood over her head. Angèle looked very happy. Yes, she was quite willing to be kidnapped. She had thanked Monsieur Sarnier for his kindness and Zizi's uncle for giving her a refuge in her time of trouble, and had promised both that she would write to them. Zizi did not know whether to be glad or sorry, whether to laugh or cry, and she settled the question by doing both.

While thus occupied Monsieur Sarnier took his cigarette from between his teeth and relieved his mind. This was what happened to a man when he had taken infinite pains to educate a pupil, whom he thought would do him credit. Never, never again would he give his countenance to women becoming artists. We started, but Monsieur Sarnier included in this term members of his own profession, and apparently thought that it applied primarily to them. We were only *artistes peintres*—painting artists, as one might say tonsorial artists, or artists in the confectionery line.

“Perhaps it was just as well,” he continued ; “one could never be a successful lion tamer if one had ever been badly frightened, and no woman,” he insisted, “ever entirely conquered her timidity, or really loved her art for art’s sake, but would desert it when a lover beckoned to her.”

Zizi cited the serpent charmer in denial of this proposition.

“Do you call the prestidigitateur a man ?” monsieur asked scornfully. “He is a demon. String him up with your marionettes the next time you act ‘St. Antoine.’ Did you hear what he shouted when I ran for my pistols ?

‘Take good aim, Monsieur le Dompteur; take better aim this time!’ As soon as I found that by good luck I need not shoot my lions, I had a mind to take good aim at him, I can tell you.”

And so they chattered away until Winnie asked :

“Did no one leave a note or a message for me?”

“No one.”

“Not even the young man in gray?” I demanded.

“He? But no. He was a queer one. Zizi thought he had been drinking, for he would not drive away with his friends, though they urged him to do so. He waited around awhile and then struck across the fields to the railroad station, walking at a great pace, and trampling down the wheat, and striking it with his walking stick as he went.”

## CHAPTER XIV.

AT VERSAILLES—THE CLUE TO THE LABYRINTH.



VERY little remains to be told. Adelaide took Angèle to the old château and remained with the family for a few days. Then she made a second visit to Fontainebleau and carried us away with her to a lovely little villa, which her father had taken for her at Versailles, and here, while wandering in the beautiful royal park together, she told us the story of her visit with the De la Tour du Pèlerins.

From the time that Angèle was lost Adelaide knew that the count loved his cousin. Indeed the young man made no effort to con-

ceal the fact, though his mother made every effort in her power to explain his despair as the expression of merely cousinly affection.

The other guests, Madame Lemaire, Mrs. Van Silver, and Milly, hastily took their departure ; but Adelaide and her father remained, the latter putting forth every effort to find the missing girl. The police force were summoned, and a score of detectives set to work, with the usual astuteness of such officials, trumping up a dozen false scents and complicating the case with a network of theories and suspicions. Rivers and lakes were dragged, trains and ships leaving the country were searched, innocent people were shadowed—one or two arrests were made, all to no purpose.

In the midst of it all the general summoned the count to his new duties. “Go, my boy,” said Mr. Armstrong. “If you do not assume your responsibilities now, you will lose the opportunity of your life. I will take your place here, and trust to me that I will prosecute this search as faithfully as you could have pushed it. Go, and may we meet again under happier circumstances. Whatever be the event, you will find that work is the great consoler. Mrs. Browning has said ‘Get work,’ ’tis better

than what you work to get.' Listen to what your own author Zola, in his address to the students which I read in to-day's paper, says: 'I have known misery and despair. I have lived in conflict—I live in it still—but what has sustained me has been the immense labour which I have imposed upon myself. I have always before me the end toward which I struggle, and this gives me courage. The labour of which I speak is regulated work, the daily task which one sets one's self, to advance a step each day in one's work. How often in the morning I have seated myself at my table, tortured by great suffering, both mental and physical, and on each occasion, after the first moments of agony, my task has solaced me and comforted me!' So may you be comforted."

The count wrung Mr. Armstrong's hand and followed Adelaide into the great empty drawing room. "There is another duty than work which belongs to every man," he said, as he paused with her under the great crystal lustre, "and that is truth. I cannot take my departure, mademoiselle, without confessing to you the truth, and yet you have been so kind to me that it is very hard."

"I think I can make it easier," Adelaide re-

plied. "You wish to tell me that you love Angèle, and to withdraw your suit?"

"My mother has told you this?" he asked.

"Your mother, on the contrary, has begged me not to release you from your offer. She insists that Angèle will never be found, and that in time you will regret this avowal. Do you think that is possible?"

"If Angèle should be proved to be dead," he replied, "then my life is at the disposal of mademoiselle to discard or to accept; but it is but right that you should know that I love her. You should have known it before, but I have just found it out myself."

"Dagobert," Adelaide replied, "I never so nearly loved you as I do now that you have proved yourself an honourable man; but I must be equally honourable and confess that even now I do not *really* love you. I have tried all along to make believe to myself that I cared for you, that I might grow to love you, but now that we have looked honestly into our own and each other's hearts, we know that can never be. We shall be the best of friends always—too good friends to be anything else."

And the count, though he knew that he was giving up a fortune, and might never find



Angèle, accepted his freedom gratefully; and Adelaide from that moment was happier than she had ever been. Her own life appeared to stretch before her as solitary as ever, but she felt a new strength and joy which bore her up, and told her that duty performed was better than love, and a thousand times happier than a pretence of love where no love is.

Madame la Comtesse and Mrs. Van Silver, the two matrimonial conspirators, were the only deeply disappointed ones, and madame was consoled when she was informed that the sum which had purchased her son's office was not to be withdrawn, but was to be considered as Adelaide's wedding present to Angèle.

But when the count learned this he declined to accept the favour in just this way. "I will take it only as a loan, dear friend," he wrote. "Little by little each year I will pay you back with interest. You will find it one of your safest investments. Meanwhile the mortgage on the château can wait. The De la Tour du Pèlerins can do without a château, but not without honour."

Adelaide was even better pleased by this answer than if he had accepted the gift which she so freely offered. "Let it not be said,"

she thought, "that the noblesse of France are all utterly ignoble."

And now there began for us all a newer and a better life.

"What you girls need," said Mr. Armstrong, on listening to all our stories, "is a real mother."

"Tib's mother," said Winnie.

"Very well," assented Mr. Armstrong. "If Mrs. Smith will come and matronize this little establishment, I think that with the experience you have gained it would be a wise thing for you to remain another year. You have wandered in tortuous ways. A plan of the past year would make a very mazy labyrinth, and you have come up against some blank walls when you thought you were marching straight toward the vase in the centre. But a mother, who has trodden these intricate paths before you, can furnish the guiding thread—the clue to the labyrinth. We will try the coming year to put you in possession of this clue."

Grandmother Smith needed mother no longer, and she speedily came to us. With what joy we greeted her, running down to Havre with Mr. Armstrong to meet the ship. We enthroned her queen at the little villa, and

under her loving care Adelaide, Winnie, and I began a new year of study and enjoyment, a year of delightful experience, and not without its spice of variety and adventure, but with no dangerous mistakes, no wandering on the brinks of precipices, for mother was with us.

And did Van learn his absurd mistake and come back, repentant, to be forgiven? Why, certainly, and of course—but all that is another story, and will be told in “WITCH WINNIE AT VERSAILLES.”

THE END.





